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LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MAY 1907



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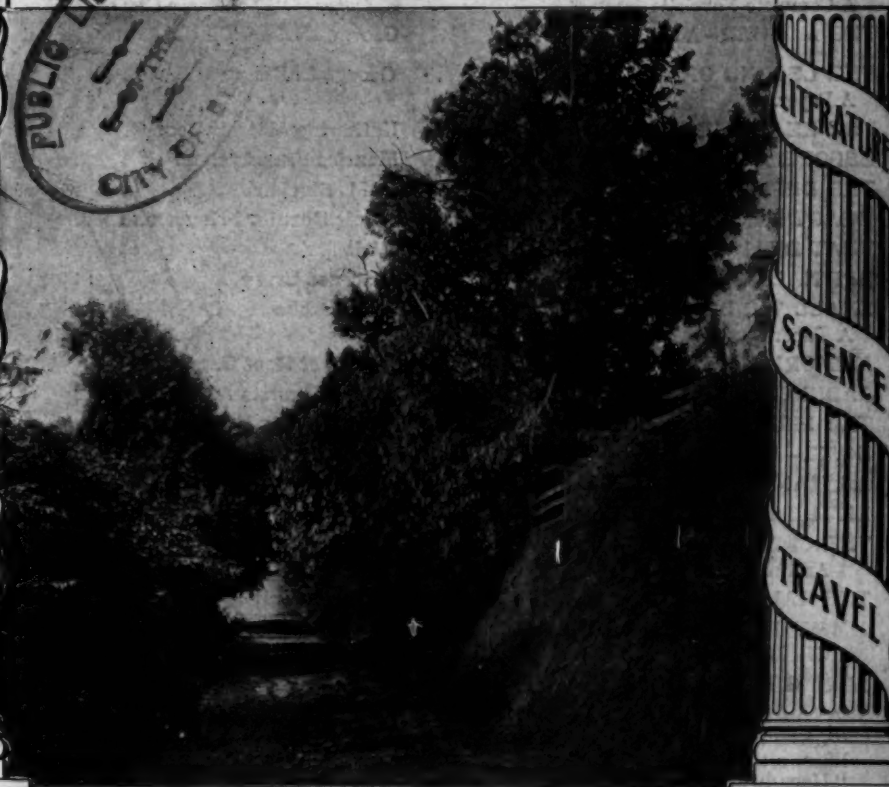
HUMOR

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THE NOVELETTE IS

"THE MOYETT MYSTERY"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE
CASE OF DR. NORTH"

EIGHT STORIES

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THE JUNE NOVELETTE—"A TRAGEDY OF CIRCUMSTANCE"

BY FRANK DANBY, Author of "Pigs in Clover."

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

Contents for May, 1907

ANNOUNCEMENT OF COMING FEATURES ON PAGES 2 AND 3

THE MOYETT MYSTERY	Nevil Monroe Hopkins	561
A Complete Novelette		
THE MOTHER—A Sonnet	George Herbert Clarke	599
THE LEGEND OF TANNHÄUSER	George L. Knapp	600
A Paper.		
THE REAL THING—A Story	Katharine Metcalf Roof	606
BEFORE A NOR'EASTER—A Sonnet	Maurice Francis Egan	612
THE DEPUTY—A Story	B. M. Sinclair	613
HEART'S RUE—A Poem	Annie Beauford Houseman	619
THAT DEAL OF DOUGHTY'S—A Story	Walt Makee	620
EPITHALAMIUM—A Poem	Clarence Urmy	629
SHALL WE BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?	René Bache	630
A Paper		
MEMORIAL DAY—A Poem	Margaret Root Garvin	639
SADIE OF THE KIND EYES—A Story	Minna Thomas Antrim	640
THE FIREBRAND—A Story	George Allan England	647
HOME—A Poem	Silas X. Floyd	660
AS MANAGED BY CAROLYN—A Story	Jean Louise West	661
LITTLE THOUGHTS ON BIG THEMES	Elbert Hubbard	670
THE GREAT TANGLE	Jane Belfield	671
An Emotional Monotone		
THE RAIMENT—A Quatrain	Aloysius Coll	674
JIMMY EMMENCE, MATCHMAKER OF CIRCLE N.—A Story	C. Cunningham	675
SPRING MORNING—A Poem	Mary Byerley	681
WAYS OF THE HOUR		682
"Accommodating the Stork," by Clifford Howard; "Overworked Words," by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton; "A Billion a Year for Railway Development," by Joseph M. Rogers; "Household Decoration," by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer.		
IN THE COUNTRY WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE—A Poem	Ella Middleton Tybout	688
WALNUTS AND WINE		

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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MAY, 1907



THE MOYETT MYSTERY

BY NEVIL MONROE HOPKINS

Author of "The Strange Case of Dr. North"

"**A**NYTHING for Dale," I asked—"Robert Dale?"

The ruddy old postmaster carefully drew a pack of letters from the "D" section of an improvised post-office in the little general store at Pride's Crossing, and slowly dealt them upon the counter.

"There's one," I said, "and another."

Three more and a postal card came my way, and then a smile from the old fellow, who evidently felt that he had discharged his full duty. Some tobacco bought, I left with a nod, and struck a path leaving the road, which I knew to be a short cut through the forest to the inn. I would reach a quiet and shaded spot and there light my pipe and read my letters. I looked them over as I walked along. There were one from my publishers, two that bore the ear-marks of unpaid bills, a postal from my tailors, and a letter from my old friend, Mason Brant. I had invited him down to spend as many days as he might be able to spare for a rest in the country, but I was not at all confident of seeing him, for I knew that it was more than likely that he had

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become hopelessly involved in some fresh criminal case since I had left him, two weeks before.

"May be able to get down by the end of the week," he wrote, "for I need a little recreation after that poisoning affair at Tuxedo. Will wire you care Pride's P. O. if I can get a foot loose." I folded the letter and returned it to its envelope.

Brant was a hard worker, and indeed needed more recreation than he allowed himself. It had been but little over a year since he entered the field of criminal detection, and he had made a success of it, but only through hard work and deprivation. Brant was also my oldest and best friend, and I often had grave fears of his breaking down under the prolonged strain he was subjected to in the intense nature of his work. How well I recalled the day when he decided to give up the old profession he had fitted for, and which his father and his grandfather before him had followed, to develop and to apply practically his natural passion for investigation of mysteries and crime.

The sunlight was sifting through the leaves and making golden patches on the ground. I had seated myself upon a fallen tree, and between the puffs from my favorite pipe was enjoying the charms of the beautiful spot where I had stopped to rest and read my mail. I had believed myself to be alone, but suddenly I saw, not more than a hundred feet away, the figure of a little old man dressed all in black, engaged in digging with a long-handled spade. I felt almost sure that he had not seen me, for he appeared to be too busily employed.

He wore no hat; his long, snow white hair fell over the collar of a frock coat of ancient cut. His face was smooth shaven, and I imagined his lips moved in conversation with himself as he worked.

I leaned against the tree trunk with that perfect sense of contentment I always experience when anything unusual happens. The comforting fatigue of a half-day's tramp was upon me, my favorite pipe just lighted, and about me the woods in all their autumnal glory; and then, all at once, to have appear a strange little figure intent upon digging a hole—it was delightful.

Finally he stopped digging, and, after a moment's inspection of his work, shouldered his spade and started off in the direction of Kingsley, without a look to right or left. I thought he stopped for an instant and looked back in my direction, but I could not make sure. Possibly he had seen me, after all, and had left his work on my account. I watched him disappear among the slender maples, and then, picking up my gun, went to have a closer view of the scene of his operations. He had chosen a spot near a tree much larger than its fellows, and had dug a hole some three feet square and about two deep. "Cheerful old soul," I said to myself. "He has been making a little grave."

Half an hour's walk brought me out of the woods. I crossed the

meadows and ascended the hill to the inn, from which to the east could be seen the roofs of the village of Kingsley; to the west, all red and gold in the sunset, Kingsley Lake.

The inn was—and is still, I believe—kept by one Hewitt, who since my arrival, the week before, had given me the complete history of the neighborhood, with full details. To-day he met me on the steps, his red face teeming with news. "Mr. Moyett has disappeared, sir," he said. "Two days now, and no sight or sound of him. There is great excitement at The Maples."

Mr. Moyett, he had told me during his many lengthy discourses, was a very eccentric old gentleman who lived near the lake front in a large house known as "The Maples."

"Perhaps he has fallen into the lake," I suggested.

"Oh, no, sir," he answered; "he would never go near the water at all. He has just disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up; one moment in his library, reading, and the next—no one knows where! Miss Sedgewick—that's his niece or ward, sir—is quite cut up, and Lawyer Fenn, from Kingsley, said this afternoon that she ought to send to New York for a detective."

I plainly saw that in my two days' tramp with my gun I had missed great events.

"Was Mr. Moyett a small, dried-up little fellow with long white hair?" I asked, remembering the quaint figure I had seen in the woods.

"Bless you, no, sir!" Hewitt answered. "He is a man of unusually powerful build and very strong, though past sixty. He was a most reserved man, very fond of his books, and was seldom, if ever, seen about the country. I've only seen him a few times myself in the three years he has lived here."

"He lived alone with his niece, you say?" I was beginning to be interested; my love for the unusual was being gratified, and I wished that my famous detective friend were already here.

"Yes, sir; Miss Sedgewick is a very beautiful young lady, who has done much good in Kingsley. There are three maid-servants and a gardener at The Maples, and I hear that Mr. Moyett lived in much style—at least, for these parts."

"Is n't it likely that Mr. Moyett has simply gone to the city for a few days, and will turn up all right? Is n't this likelier than that he has vanished into thin air?"

"Maybe with any one else, sir, but not with him. Mr. Moyett never went anywheres."

I had been repeating the names Moyett and Sedgewick, and it suddenly flashed upon me that a friend of mine who had died recently, Jack Sedgewick, had often spoken of spending his summers near Pride's Crossing. Miss Sedgewick was probably the sister I had heard so much

about. Moyett, too, sounded very familiar, and I felt sure I must be near old Jack's summer place.

"Supper is ready when you are, Mr. Dale," said Hewitt, as he entered the inn.

I bathed and dressed, and then supped upon a chop and a mug of very good ale. Mine host was in his little office when I had finished. "I am going down to Mr. Moyett's house," I told him. I could see that he was all curiosity.

A faint salmon glow lingered in the sky and in the waters of the lake as I took the road leading down from the inn. Fifteen minutes' walk brought me to the gate of The Maples. The house, a large structure in the style of country houses of some thirty years ago, stood quite a distance back from the road, in a grove of large maple trees. A gravel driveway led from the high wooden gates to the house.

A neat maid-servant answered my ring at the bell. "Is Miss Sedgewick at home?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Ask her, please, if she will see Mr. Dale—Mr. Robert Dale, formerly of the American embassy at London." I followed the maid through a wide hall into a library of large proportions, where she left me, returning in a few moments to say that Miss Sedgewick would see me.

The walls of the room in which I found myself were lined from the floor to the high ceiling with book-shelves, the only breaks being the door through which I had entered and two long windows. A huge table, on which a shaded lamp cast a circle of light, stood in the middle of the room.

At the rustle of skirts in the doorway I turned. A tall, slender girl came forward with hand outstretched.

"Mr. Dale," she said, "I am very glad indeed to see you. Although we have never met before, I feel we are the best of friends. My dear brother spoke so much of you."

"Your brother Jack and I were in the embassy in London together," I replied, "and I was much grieved by his death."

"He often spoke of you one summer when he came home," said the girl. "I felt as if I knew you. It seems so odd that you should come to us at this time, when we are so troubled."

"The inn here has been my headquarters for the past week," I told her. "For the last two days I have been tramping. I love the country at this time of year. It was not until my return to-night that I learned from Hewitt of Mr. Moyett's disappearance. It was some little time before I quite placed the names, Moyett and Sedgewick—your brother spoke seldom of his uncle. Besides, I did not remember that you were living in this part of the country. I recall you were at boarding

school somewhere, too, but thought it likely that you had married by this time; there was a distant cousin whom I once heard your brother mention. He and I were very close friends, you know, and he often spoke of you."

The girl's eyes for an instant sought the floor.

"No," she said; "there was some absurd understanding, or, rather, misunderstanding, when my cousin Frank and I were children, that was all."

We had seated ourselves on opposite sides of the table. She raised her eyes to mine; I had never seen such very blue eyes before.

"Mr. Moyett was not our real uncle," she continued. "He was simply an old friend of my mother and father. When they died he was very kind to my brother and to me, and when Jack went to England"—her voice faltered—"I was left all alone. Mr. Moyett adopted me as his niece, and so with my old nurse, who had never left me since babyhood, I came here to live."

"And your cousin Frank?" I asked.

"He is a distant cousin, but really the only relative I have. He lives in New York, but comes to see me sometimes. He came as soon as I telegraphed him that Mr. Moyett was missing. Oh, Mr. Dale, you can't realize how worried we all are! I feel sure that something dreadful has happened. Uncle Nahum—as I have learned to call Mr. Moyett—was such an odd man; he never cared to go about—would certainly not go without some word to me. Besides, there was nowhere for him to go. He took his daily walks about his grounds, and an occasional ride in his automobile, but spent the greater part of the day here in his book room. I cannot imagine what has become of him. The men have searched the woods, the fields, everywhere."

I was much impressed with the beauty of this young girl, with the soft lamplight falling upon her troubled face, and the sombre background of books. My sympathy for her in her very evident distress, and my friendship for her dead brother, somehow made her seem very near and dear to me.

"Both my cousin Frank and Mr. Fenn, a lawyer from Kingsley, have done all they could," she went on. "Every one has been very kind, considering the fact that uncle would have nothing to do with the townspeople."

"Miss Sedgewick," I said, "Mason Brant would be just the man to find your uncle. He is a friend of mine. Shall I not telegraph him to come?"

Her face lightened immediately, and she grasped the suggestion eagerly and with renewed hope. "Mason Brant!" she cried. "I had no idea he had come to America. Indeed, telegraph for him at once—if you think he would trouble himself with such an uncertain kind of

case." She excitedly pushed a pad and pencil toward me, and rang the bell for a servant. I hastily wrote the few words which I knew would bring Brant, and felt much relieved when the message had left the house.

The hall door opened and closed, footsteps crossed the hall, and a man entered the room.

"Mr. Dale," said the girl, "this is my cousin, Mr. Morris." Then, turning to him, she added: "Frank, Mr. Dale was a friend of my brother."

I shook hands with a tall, thin young man, whose red hair and mustache imparted a certain pallor to his face.

"I am very glad to see you," he said, "though you come at a troublous time. Mr. Moyett has taken it into his head to disappear, without leaving any word as to where he intended going. Miss Sedgewick is naturally much alarmed, as the old fellow's life has been a most regular one, vanishing acts not being at all in his line. For my part, I believe Mr. Moyett is out of his head and is wandering about in the woods—although we have hunted the countryside over without sight of him. I don't believe in people being spirited away by fairies, you see, and, besides, Mr. Moyett was not at all the type of man to appeal to fairies."

"My cousin makes light of what I believe to be a very grave matter," Miss Sedgewick said, turning to me. "I can't help feeling that uncle has been injured or killed."

"Was there any one who would be likely to do him injury?" I asked.

"We know of no one," she replied.

Morris laughed. "He had neither friends nor enemies to trouble him," he put in.

After telling Miss Sedgewick's cousin what steps we had taken to secure the aid of my famous detective friend, and promising to telephone over any news of him and to bring him to The Maples with me without delay if he arrived in the morning, I rose to go.

As I expected, Brant stepped off the morning train, and I drove him direct to the Moyett place. There was a shade of sadness upon his handsome face as he greeted me, but his eyes were bright with interest as I briefly outlined the trouble which had induced me to send for him. "This is the house," I said, and we were soon over the gravel drive and standing before the door. As Miss Sedgewick and her cousin came out of the library to meet us, I presented my friend without further ceremony.

"We are greatly in need of your wonderful talent, Mr. Brant," said Miss Sedgewick, somewhat tremulously, "and glad you have come. If I can ever find it possible to repay you for all your trouble—"

The detective smiled, and took from his pocket a large note-book. "We cannot do better than to begin our investigation at once," he said abruptly.

I rose to go.

"Oh, please don't leave, Mr. Dale," said the girl. "You might aid us by some suggestion."

"Of course not, old fellow," said Brant; "we may certainly need your help. A suggestion—an unconscious hint—from you might be invaluable. Do you remember the Von Brunfels diamond robbery in Washington?"

We replied that we did not, although I had heard of Brant's success in a great case before I left England to come home.

"It was a case of much interest," he continued, with a twinkle, "and we were all quite in the dark until a single question from—er—a nurse-maid gave us a clue which led to the apprehension of the culprit."

The laugh at my expense somewhat relieved the tension. We all seated ourselves around the table.

"I am already in possession of a few facts relating to the disappearance of Mr. Moyett, gained during my drive from the station," said the detective. "There are many questions, however, which I should like to ask. Will you tell me, Miss Sedgewick, when your uncle was last seen, by whom, and where?"

"This is Wednesday night," responded the girl, contracting her brows. "I last saw Uncle Nahum on Monday morning. We breakfasted at nine o'clock, as usual. Uncle left the table and came directly to this room, his study, and I heard him open one of those windows and call John Vail, the old gardener, to give him his orders for the day."

"Did Mr. Moyett usually give his orders from that window?"

"Yes, always; he was a man of set habits, and one day varied very little from another. When uncle left the breakfast table I went into the small conservatory which adjoins the dining-room and out through the door into the garden. I wanted to bring some of my flowers into the conservatory."

"From where you were in the garden could you see the windows of this room?"

"No, it is on the other side of the house. The kitchen and servants' quarters project between."

"How long did you remain in the garden?"

"About an hour, I think, or maybe a little longer. When I came in I could hear uncle's voice, and wondered at the fact that he should have talked for so long a time with the gardener. His orders were usually given in a few words. From where I was, in the conservatory,

I could look through the dining-room and hall and see the door of this room. I was arranging my flowers when I heard uncle laugh, a most unusual thing, as he was an extremely morose man. I looked up just in time to see him appear in the doorway. He was smiling, and moved quickly toward the hall door. I was so unaccustomed to hear him laugh or see him smile that I left my work and came into the hall and then out upon the front steps. Uncle had gone—I never saw him again. I came into this room to see if the gardener could be still at the window. He was nowhere to be seen. I then went back to my flowers, and remained there until I went to my room, at a little before one o'clock, to prepare for luncheon. Uncle did not come at the lunch hour, and as he was always most punctual I questioned the maid-servants, but they had not seen him since he left the breakfast table. I sent for John Vail, the gardener, who told me he had not seen his master since he had received his orders from him in the morning. He had been in the roadway, clipping the hedge, as he was told to do."

"Was it so unusual for Mr. Moyett to spend the day away from home?"

"I have never known him to do so in the three years that I have been with him. His trips to Kingsley were always very short and infrequent. I waited until six o'clock, and then sent John Vail to town for Mr. Fenn, the lawyer. He came about seven, and, in answer to my question, said that he was quite certain Mr. Moyett had not been in town that day, and suggested that perhaps he had met with some accident. Mr. Fenn sent to Kingsley for some men, and they hunted the woods and roads until midnight, asking at all the houses for news of uncle. I was dreadfully alarmed, and telegraphed early next morning for my cousin, Mr. Morris. He arrived in the afternoon, and the search went on; but we have found absolutely no clue to uncle's whereabouts. Last evening we telegraphed for you."

"This is all you know, Miss Sedgewick, relating to the disappearance?" asked Brant. "You can recall no event or occurrence which would throw some light upon the matter?"

"No; uncle has for the past few weeks confined himself even more closely to his books than was his wont, and I have seen little of him. He was always much of a student." Miss Sedgewick glanced about the room. "Oh, yes," she said; "there is something which I had quite forgotten, but which may possibly be of importance. You see those pistols?" pointing to a pair of large revolvers which hung between the windows. "They have always hung there, and were quite covered with dust. About a month ago I came into this room and found uncle cleaning them. He said he had heard that there were a lot of tramps about, and he thought it just as well to have the pistols in

serviceable order. They lay on this table for several days, then uncle hung them up again. Do you think that fact of any importance?"

The detective was busily writing in his note-book, and did not answer, but Morris laughed. "Nonsense," he said. "Old Moyett might have taken a shot at me, but at no one else. Those weapons probably reminded him of the days when he went wooing with sword and pistol by his side. Nice, jolly lover he must have been."

"Let's have a look at them," said the detective. He took the revolvers from their place on the wall and examined them in the lamplight. They were old-fashioned weapons of the percussion-cap variety, such as were used in the war between the States. On the long octagonal barrels was engraved, "E. Whitney, N. Haven," and cut in small letters on that part of the metal forming the handle was an inscription which read, "To Capt. N. Moyett from Col. S. Johnstone." There were bullets in the cylinders, and firing-caps were in place.

Brant hung the revolvers in their place between the windows, and entered a few more notes; then he addressed Miss Sedgewick:

"Did your uncle speak often of his early life?"

"No, he never alluded to it. He was a friend of my mother and father—I am only an adopted niece. Often during the long evenings here I would gladly have heard him tell of his boyhood, his early life, and I did for a while ask questions, but I stopped doing so when I saw he did not wish to recall the days that had gone by."

"How old was Mr. Moyett?"

"Nearly sixty-three."

"Was he ever married?"

"No."

Morris interrupted. "Mr. Moyett was a cross-grained old fellow, and not the most cheerful companion one could wish for. I have always regretted that Miss Sedgewick chose to stay at The Maples. I am sure that the old bookworm was no fit companion for a young girl."

"My cousin gives a very wrong impression of Uncle Nahum," said the girl. "It is true that he has been much occupied with his own affairs, but during my long stay here of three years he has shown me nothing but kindness."

"You give me to understand," said the detective, turning to Morris, "that you were not on the very best of terms with Mr. Moyett."

"Well, we were not exactly what you might call chummy," said Morris. "He was a cold, hard man, and not one to inspire great affection. I come to The Maples sometimes to see my cousin, but my visits are of the come-after-breakfast, bring-your-own-lunch, and

go-home-before-dinner variety. The old man never fancied me, I fear, and it was hard for me to be civil to him when we met."

"When did you last see Mr. Moyett?"

"Last Thursday. I came to see him in regard to a certain matter he had asked me to attend to for him in town. We arranged the business, but you can bet I did n't see any more of him than was necessary. Miss Sedgewick drove me over to Kingaleys in the afternoon, and I returned to New York."

"Did you have any unpleasantness with Mr. Moyett on the occasion of your last visit?"

"Oh, we had a row whenever we met, so the few hot words on Thursday were only to be expected. The old chap had every one here bluffed, but he could n't bullyrag me."

"How many servants have you?" asked Brant, turning to Miss Sedgewick.

"Four: my old nurse, two maids, and old John, the gardener. Would you like to question them?"

"Yes."

"I will call them," said the girl as she left the room.

"Mr. Moyett had a large, ferocious dog—a collie or setter, probably—accustomed to sleep in the house—what has become of him?" asked Mason Brant.

"Oh, Sancho," said Morris. "He is down in the gardener's cottage. But how the deuce do you know of him?"

"It is quite evident," said the detective. "From where I sit I can see hanging from the hat-rack in the hall a heavy chain and what is known as a black-snake whip. The dog is the most likely animal to be about the household, and from the weight of that chain I conclude that he is a large one; also that he is of evil temper, as that whip is no toy. I believe him to belong to Mr. Moyett, as such a beast is not a lady's pet, or, if it were, we should have it following Miss Sedgewick about. As it is, we have not seen it. Yet we know he has been accustomed to being about the house, as is indicated by that large cushion in the corner, with a dish of water beside it. Those long red hairs upon the cushion point to the probable breed of the dog."

Morris laughed. "It's a wonder you could n't tell the name of the brute."

"I could hardly go so far as that," said Brant.

"It is just possible, Brant," I said, "that you have already some slight clue to Mr. Moyett's whereabouts?"

"I have three theories as to the disappearance," answered the detective.

At this moment Miss Sedgewick entered the room, followed by the maid-servants and the old gardener.

"I should like to ask John Vail a few questions," said Brant.

The gardener stepped forward—a small, misshapen creature, whose eyes rolled about in their sockets as if they were on pivots.

"Tell me, please," said the detective, "when did you last see your master?"

"On Monday morning, sir. He called me to this window, as he always has done, to give me my orders for the day."

"At what time was that?"

"At half past nine or thereabouts. It was just after the master had finished his breakfast."

"For how long were you at the window?"

"Not more'n five minutes. He told me to clip the hedge down along the road, and it was there I went as soon as I could fetch my shears from the cottage."

"Did you come again to this window later—in an hour's time?"

"No, sir; I did n't come back at all. I was at my work the whole morning."

"From where you were at work could you have seen your master had he passed out of the gate into the road?"

"I'm sure I would have, sir. I was on the other side of the hedge and could look up and down the road."

"How long have you been in Mr. Moyett's service?"

"Sixteen years."

"Have you always been a gardener?"

"No; I worked in the house until this happened." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder at the hump on his back. "The master said I was no sight to have about the house, so he sent me into the fields to work."

"You say 'happened,'" said Brant. "Did you meet with some accident?"

"No, no," answered the cripple quickly; "I just grew this way."

"Your master was a hard man—did he always treat you kindly?"

The gardener's eyes rolled more wildly than ever.

"He always paid me well for what I did."

"By whose orders do you keep Sancho, the dog, chained?" said the detective.

The gardener hesitated, whereupon Morris interrupted.

"I told John Vail to keep the beast tied up while I was here. The dog's dislike for me is as great as his master's."

"Do you mind his being there, miss?" asked Vail of Miss Sedgewick. "Sancho and me is real old friends, and kind of comfort each other now the master's gone."

"No, I don't mind, John," said the girl.

The detective fastened his gaze intently on the gardener's face.

"Where is the dog whip?" he asked suddenly.

"There," said Vail, pointing to the hat-rack in the hall.

"I have no more questions to ask you," said the detective.

Mason Brant then questioned the old nurse and the maids. They did not see Mr. Moyett after he had left the breakfast table on Monday morning.

"That will do," said Brant. "You may go." The servants left the room.

"Miss Sedgewick," said the detective, "I have only a few more questions to ask. If the first one seems impertinent, I beg you to excuse me. Did Mr. Moyett believe that you would ever become Mrs. Frank Morris?"

"If Uncle Nahum ever believed so, he did not for the last three years. He understood, as my cousin and I understand, that I shall never become Mrs. Morris."

Morris rose, crossed to the window, and lighted a cigarette.

"Thank you," said Brant; then he continued:

"In what physical condition was Mr. Moyett?"

"Although Uncle Nahum was nearly sixty-three, he was in perfect health. He exercised every day, and had been, and still was, a very powerful man."

"He was a large man?"

"Yes, very. He stood over six feet, one inch, and was broad in proportion."

"Did your uncle smoke?"

"Yes, cigars."

"In the event of your uncle's death, to whom would his property go?"

"To me, he has told me."

"Do you know of any enemies he had, Miss Sedgewick—any one who might possibly do him an injury?"

For an instant the girl's eyes sought her cousin, but she answered deliberately: "No, I know of no one."

The detective rose, closing his note-book as he did so.

"Many thanks," he said. "I trust we have come upon an important clue. Is there anything in the shape of a hotel near at hand?"

"A very good one, Brant," I said, rising. "I am a guest there, and will show you the way. Good-by, Miss Sedgewick. I shall come in later for any news."

"Have a cigar?" said Brant, when the door had closed behind us.

"No, thanks—pipe," I said.

We tramped on in silence for some time.

"You have some theory in regard to the disappearance?" said my friend then.

"My mind is not sufficiently trained yet to grasp and digest these mysteries without your help," I replied; "but it occurred to me that Mr. Moyett might not have left the house at all. If he is wandering about the country, he would surely have been seen. He is a man who would attract attention, I imagine."

I then told him of the adventure I had had in the woods the day before.

"Is your white-haired old friend known about Kingsley?" asked Brant.

"I don't know," I said.

"Could you find that hole in the woods again?"

"Yes, easily."

We spent the afternoon and evening together at the inn, then parted for the night, Mason possibly to dream of hidden clues, and I to dream that I took down from the shelves, one after the other, the books in Nahum Moyett's library, and that on every page were the blue eyes of Eleanor Sedgewick.

I arose the next morning with a keener sense of interest in the day's work than I had ever felt before.

My friend was not at breakfast, and I was told by Hewitt that he had left the inn two hours earlier. I finished my coffee, and fifteen minutes later found myself at the gates of The Maples. The detective came down the gravel roadway toward me as I entered.

"Good morning, Robert," he said. "You are the man I am waiting to see."

"You are indeed an early bird," I remarked.

"The worm, however, still remains uncaught," he answered. "Nevertheless, I have gathered some extremely important facts. I would like very much to have your help, however. I believe two heads are better than one."

"With all my heart," I told him. "I shall be glad to do anything I can."

"I am convinced that there is more in this disappearance than the simple wandering away of Mr. Moyett," said the detective. "The case presents very singular features. A man of cut-and-dried habits rushes out from his study, smiling, after talking with some unknown person, and completely vanishes. Now the question naturally arises, if he has been known to smile only once or twice in three years, why did he do so on Monday morning? Where did he rush to? And did a conversation with a certain person, unknown, cause him to act as he did?"

"Now the first question: the smile was due to joy or happiness, other emotions causing other expressions. The second question: where did he go? He left the house—of that I am now convinced. He did not linger on the lawn, for if he had done so he would have been seen

by his niece, who came to the front door to look for him a moment or two after he had passed through it. Nor did he pass through the gate into the road, for his gardener claims to have been at work on the other side of that hedge and would have seen him had he done that. If he had wished to reach some point at the back of the house, he would either have stepped out of his long library window, which reaches nearly to the ground, or have gone through the small door leading from the conservatory.

"To trace his foot-prints in the gravel of this roadway would be possible only in story books. We have, however, been favored by fortune: half way between the house and the road gate, and some fifteen feet from the gravel drive, we find this imprint."

We had been walking as he spoke; now we stopped abruptly on the lawn, and the detective pointed to a deep impression in the turf.

"This," he continued, "is an imprint of a square-toed boot, pointing toward the wall which separates these grounds from those of the next-door neighbor. This," he went on, taking from his pocket a heavy shoe, "belonged to the missing man. I procured it this morning, and, as you observe, it fits the impression to a nicety. Let us assume, therefore, that this impression was made by a similar shoe, and, from what we know of the shoes, let us assume that the one making this imprint was worn by Mr. Moyett, and that the imprint was made on the morning of his disappearance, as the lawn, which is quite hard about here to-day, was made soft on Monday morning by water from that grass sprinkler which we see yonder. I have ascertained that the sprinkler has not been in use since. This imprint would be made by a man running, not walking, as we get only the impression of the toe, and that a deep one. Just here"—Brant pointed to another spot—"is another mark, not so sharply defined as the first; but I think we can be safe in saying that it was made by the mate of the shoe making the first impression. The distance of the imprints apart tends to confirm the fact that the man was running. It would be a long stride for you or me, but not for Mr. Moyett, who, we are told, was a large man. Beyond here we find no impressions, the runner having passed out of the circle of the lawn made soft by watering.

"Now, what did Mr. Moyett do when he left the house on Monday morning? He ran down the gravel roadway toward the gate, with the intention of passing through it, but half way there he changed his mind and crossed this lawn. He wished to reach some point on the other side of that low wall, and quickly—so quickly, in fact, that he preferred the inconvenience of getting over the wall to going around by the road, as he at first intended. He ran swiftly, otherwise he would have been seen by Miss Sedgewick when she came to the door. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly," I said.

"Very well," continued Brant; "now let us walk to yonder wall in a straight line in the direction the foot-prints point. The wall is some four feet in height and made of stone, and I can find no evidence of his having passed over it. Nor are there any marks to aid us on the other side of the wall. I believe, however, that Mr. Moyett vaulted over at this point. Let us do the same. We now find ourselves in the grounds belonging to yonder house, which, apparently, is deserted. The searching parties have no doubt entered it.

"I am looking at present for a certain piece of evidence which I hope to find. I believed I should find it on the other side of the wall, but maybe—ah!" he exclaimed, stooping down and picking up a half-smoked cigar, "here it is. I will tell you about it. I learned this morning from Mary Ryan, the housemaid, that she was in the habit of tidying up her master's study every morning before he went into it. He was most particular that everything should be in its place. I asked her if it were possible that she could have overlooked the ash tray upon the study table, the morning of the disappearance.

"She assured me such a thing was quite out of the question, as carelessness before had almost cost her her place. She admitted, however, that since the disappearance of her master she had not touched anything in the study, she being too much upset to do so. I concluded, therefore, that as you were a devotee of the pipe, Morris of the cigarette, and Mr. Fenn, the only other possible smoker who had been in the study, does not use tobacco at all, the ashes of half a cigar in the ash tray upon the study table were left by Mr. Moyett on Monday morning. He must have lighted a cigar after breakfast and still held it in his hand when interrupted by some one coming to the window. I could not find the stump in the room, or on the lawn outside the window, and therefore concluded that he took it with him when he left the house. A man running would not hold a cigar between his teeth, nor would he vault a four-foot wall with a cigar held in his hand. He must have held it in his hand until he reached the wall, then tossed it away. Here we find it, and you will observe that it corresponds in size, color, and form with these cigars which I took the liberty of bringing from the box upon the study table. The ash in the tray and this stump will just go to make a cigar the length of these. I think we have proven pretty conclusively that the missing man came as far as this point."

"Could Mr. Moyett, for any reason, have wished to reach his gardener?" I asked.

"Vail was not on these parts of the grounds," said Brant. "He was the entire morning, he claims, at work on the hedge which borders the road. At the same time Miss Sedgewick is under the impression that she heard him at the library window a few seconds before Mr.

Moyett left the house. There is a tangle here which I have as yet not quite straightened out. The hedge along the road is freshly clipped for only some thirty feet, the work of an hour, possibly, yet the gardener claims he was at work there all the morning. Now, either John Vail is a remarkably slow workman or else he is a liar. One of my theories is that after an hour's work he did return to the library window and possibly told his master of some one or something beyond this wall."

"What became of him after his master left the house?" I asked. "Did he return to his work or did he follow Mr. Moyett?"

"That is n't yet quite clear. The cripple, I am convinced, served his master as a cowed dog might have done. I almost believe that the same means were employed in ruling the servant as were used in governing the dog."

"You mean——?" said I.

"The lash," said Brant.

"Have you considered, then," I said, "the lack of love which must have existed between master and servant? Could this account in any way for the disappearance of the master?"

"It is a possible motive, but not a likely one. The worm does not turn as often as it is given credit for. Besides, the cripple would be as a child in the hands of a powerful man, such as Mr. Moyett."

"There is another whose dislike for Mr. Moyett is evident," I said. "Mr. Moyett would have more difficulty in handling this one, or possibly the two together."

"You mean Morris?" said the detective. "But why should Mr. Moyett run smiling to a personal encounter with any one? It has struck me as odd that the dog, Sancho, has n't been put to use. He might have followed his master's scent. However, he is left for us to use, and, now that we have a definite point, we'll make what use we can of him."

"The dog is kept chained by the orders of Morris," I remarked.

"We must also find out something from the neighbors," said the detective. "This house, as that sign tells us, is to let, but the one beyond is evidently occupied. If Mr. Moyett came to this spot, it is just possible that he was seen from one of those windows. Let's go and pay a neighborly visit. Nothing can be lost by doing so."

We crossed the lawn of the vacant house, and, vaulting a fence, reached the farther property, in the centre of which stood a house of the cottage type, red roofed and broad porched. Our ring at the bell was answered in a few minutes by a man-servant in black, with a decidedly foreign cast of countenance.

"Is your master at home?" asked Brant.

"Doctor de Nara is ill and begs to be excused," said the man.

"Please say to him that we are sorry indeed to hear of his illness. We are two of his neighbors."

"Doctor de Nara is ill and begs to be excused," repeated the servant. We turned away, and he closed the door. We had descended the porch steps and begun to retrace our way when we stopped abruptly—a cry such as I have never heard before or since had broken upon our ears. Beginning on a low note, it swelled and grew until it ended in a frantic shriek. Somewhere in that house man or beast was in mortal agony. I grasped Brant's arm. "Great God!" I exclaimed.

"We are justified in going back," he answered, and, turning, hurried toward the cottage. It was necessary to ring the bell four or five times before the servant came again.

"Is there anything we can do for him?" Brant asked.

"No," replied the man. "Monsieur suffers much at times, but the pain soon passes off. There is nothing the gentlemen can do."

"Come," said Brant.

He walked rapidly away. I followed.

"What do you make of it?" I asked.

"Such a cry might come from a man in great pain. The doctor, we are given to understand, is very ill, and is probably undergoing an attack of some painful malady."

We were leaving for the second time when Brant stopped abruptly.

"I should like to examine the grounds a little," he said.

There was nothing unusual about them, nothing not in harmony with the rather commonplace house. In the rear of the garden was a detached building, within the open doors of which could be seen an old red touring car. Doctor de Nara, like Mr. Moyett, was also an automobilist. Mason skirted the house, peering into the cellar windows. Suddenly he placed his face close to one of the panes and screened his eyes from the outside light with his hands.

"What is it?" I asked eagerly.

"Don't let them hear us," he whispered, and drew me close to the window.

As I peered in the direction he pointed, I suddenly shuddered and felt my blood run cold. There in the corner, near a basin of bloody water, was a heavy wooden mallet covered with blood, and a stout rope.

"What's that?"

It sounded like a step in the shrubbery behind us. Mason drew his revolver and motioned me to crouch down quietly beside him. We waited for some time for a repetition of the noise, but all was quiet. Then we stole out through the back garden and slipped through an opening in the fence. I instinctively looked at the upper windows. There was some one standing behind the closed shutters in the back room, evidently watching our movements.

"We must return to that house again," said Brant, "when Doctor de Nara is out of his pain, and learn something of that horrible blood-covered mallet and that ghastly basin of water."

Of one thing we were certain: if the heavy mallet had been used for the grewsome purpose appearances indicated, it was not recently. It could not have been within twenty-four hours, judging by the dried appearance of the blood upon it. We could not decently press our investigation further for the present, and we resolved to allow time for Doctor de Nara to get over his suffering.

We had returned the back way and were approaching by the rear of the Moyett house when a man who bespoke the country lawyer came down the steps and met us. Brant was deep in thought.

"Is this Mr. Mason Brant, the detective?" inquired the stranger. "I am Mr. Fenn, and I have information relating to the disappearance of Mr. Moyett, which I consider to be of the greatest importance. May I have a few moments with you?"

"This is Mr. Dale," said the detective, "who is aiding me in this investigation. And you can speak freely before him."

"Well," said the solicitor, "I am something of a detective myself, and I have become interested in this case, which I believe to be a most unusual one. Now, how is this for a clue? Mr. Frank Morris states that he came to The Maples on Thursday last, for the purpose of transacting some business with Mr. Moyett, which was not accomplished without heated words. Mr. Morris then states that he was driven over to Kingsley by Miss Sedgewick, and that he returned to town—to New York. Now, I have positive proof that Mr. Morris did not return to New York, but left the train at Broomfield, a station some twelve miles from Kingsley. Where he was between Thursday evening and the following Monday morning I have not as yet ascertained, but on Monday morning he hired a horse and buggy in Broomfield, and did not return the same until late Monday afternoon.

"Now, the question is, where was Mr. Morris with this horse and buggy during the twelve hours in which Mr. Moyett disappeared? Miss Sedgewick did not telegraph for her cousin until Tuesday, by which time he was back in New York. We all know that dislike existed between Mr. Moyett and Mr. Morris. What do you think of that for a clue? I believe it places Mr. Morris in a most suspicious light."

Mason Brant finished making notes in his book.

"You have been most energetic, Mr. Fenn," he said, "and have certainly acquired some interesting facts."

"They are interesting, all right," said the lawyer. "I am now off to try to find out where Morris drove to on Monday. I am fully convinced, however, that he came direct to Kingsley. I trust to have my story completed, and shall return and report to you."

He left us and walked rapidly toward the gate.

"If Morris drove over to see Mr. Moyett," said Brant, "he did not drive directly to The Maples. It is possible that he stopped at the vacant house next door and met Mr. Moyett there; but why should Nahum Moyett run joyfully across country to meet a man whom he disliked?"

At this moment Miss Sedgewick came out of the house to tell us that luncheon was ready; she looked lovelier, if possible, than she had the night before.

"I should like to hear something of your neighbors," said Brant to her as we seated ourselves at the table. He was quite pale and appeared greatly troubled, and I did not wonder at it, for I could not dismiss from my mind that horrible mallet and the basin of bloody water in the cellar.

"We have only three houses near us," said Miss Sedgewick. "Two, those to the right and left, are vacant, their owners coming to the lake only in summer; the second house on the left has been occupied only a few weeks, by an old gentleman—an invalid, I understand."

"I've seen the old chap," said Morris. "When we were on the search, we went over to his house. Some sort of a 'Dago' came to the door, but we could n't make him understand that we were on a man-hunt." Morris appeared nervous, and I thought he rather avoided catching Brant's eye or mine.

"Then an old man came out," he continued—"an old fellow who looked like Rip Van Winkle in advanced years, with long white hair and clothes the vintage of '72. He was pleasant enough, but declared that he had seen nothing of our vanished relative."

I looked at the detective. If he remembered my description of the old man I had seen in the woods, he showed no evidence of it. He was studying Frank Morris very closely during this narration, but I knew Brant well enough to feel certain that what he failed to note in any situation, however complex, was not, as a rule, worth noticing.

"How long did you say this old man had been in the neighborhood?" was Brant's next question.

"About four weeks, I think," the girl replied. "Old John Vail is ill to-day," she continued. "I think uncle's disappearance has told upon him very much. I have just come from his cottage. He seems to be a little out of his head, and is muttering to himself. I shall send to Kingsley for Doctor Parsons if he is not better by night. Old John has kept the dog Sancho by him ever since Monday. Poor brute! He is so used to running about, I'm sure he has found his duties as comforter rather tedious. When old John went to sleep I unchained Sancho and let him loose. I saw him prowling about the west clump of maples a while ago, as if searching for a trail."

"I wish you had n't done that, Eleanor," said Morris. "You know how that beast dislikes me."

The maid entered to announce that a man bringing a note was at the door. He spoke in a foreign tongue, and she could not understand what he wanted.

We all arose from the table and went into the hall. Doctor de Nara's servant stood in the doorway. At the sight of Brant, he advanced, bowed, and handed him a large envelope, which the detective hastily took and tore open. Taking out the folded sheet of paper, he read as follows:

"Doctor de Nara presents his compliments to his neighbors who were kind enough to call upon him this morning, and regrets exceedingly that ill health, from which he has been so long a sufferer, prevented him from receiving them. He trusts, however, that they will give him the pleasure of knowing them, and that they will take a cup of coffee with him on the morrow at eleven o'clock, his invalidism preventing him from returning the call."

The detective took a card from his pocket and, writing upon it hastily, handed it to the servant.

"Say to Doctor de Nara that we will come."

"Will come," repeated the man.

"Yes," said Brant, "will come."

The servant smiled, bowed again, and left us.

"To-morrow morning, Dale," said the detective, "we will drink coffee with the doctor."

As he walked toward the hall door he whispered to me: "I am off now to see this old gardener, and then to Broomfield. I don't fancy that Mr. Morris any too much. Meet me at seven o'clock at the inn. I shall have work for you to do."

When the detective left us I induced Miss Sedgewick to go for a walk under the great trees by the lake-side, and I, for one, forgot the trying events which had brought us together.

We wandered through the trees down the narrow, leaf-covered path to the water's edge. She walked ahead, and I followed, lost in admiration of the graceful girl who was leading the way. How exquisite the back of her head and her rich chestnut hair, and how free and graceful her walk! Could it be possible that she returned even in the slightest degree my affectionate feeling for her? I could not help hoping that she did, and that I stood in a fair way to win her. Indeed, I was sorely tempted to put my fate to the test by stealing quickly up behind her and taking her in my arms.

A rabbit went bounding across the path, and she turned with a joyous smile as she pointed at the little brown fellow with her parasol. I half dared to believe that her lovely eyes were unusually soft, and

that she more fully appreciated the beauty of our bright surroundings because she cared.

"Let's go this way," she said, and she turned into a tiny branching path that led directly down to a little green clearing by the lake.

A frog dived off a log and swam rapidly away as we approached a flat, moss-covered stone by the water and sat down.

"I often come here alone," she said, "and seldom show the little cove to any one." She colored prettily. I seated myself beside her, and we talked of her brother, of her life at The Maples, and a little of herself.

Then I told her something of my own life at the embassy in London, and of my long friendship with Mason Brant.

I looked into the blue depths of her eyes as often as I dared, and I knew I had never before seen such a glimpse of heaven.

A little green snake emerged from under some drift-wood and paused but a few feet away. My first impulse was to kill it with one of the many large stones at my feet. But Miss Sedgewick had not seen it, so I carelessly tossed a few pebbles in its direction to frighten it away. I felt at peace with all the world, and was content with the teachings of the old saying, "Live and let live." Such was the softening influence a good and lovable woman had upon me.

After I left Miss Sedgewick at The Maples I wandered slowly back to the inn. It was a few minutes to ten when Mason Brant arrived.

"Do you think you can find that part of the forest where you saw the old man in black, digging?" he asked.

"I have little doubt of it," I answered. "It was near a clearing in which there is a large fallen tree. If we take the foot-path we must surely pass by it. Our only difficulty would be due to the darkness. Would n't it be better to wait till morning?"

"Not if you can lead me to it to-night," Brant said. "In a case of this kind every minute is precious. I left a lantern and a spade at the edge of the wood."

"You mean to dig?" I asked. "You expect to find——?"

The detective interrupted me.

"I do not know yet as to whether we will find anything, but we'll have a look, anyhow."

He did not seem inclined to talk after that, so we tramped on in silence.

It was quite dark, but, having once found the path which led over the meadow into the wood, we had no difficulty in keeping it. The maple forest stretched a black wall in front of us. We had just entered among a small group of slender trees, advance guard to the mighty army behind them, when a large black object loomed in front of us.

"That's the rock behind which I left the tools," said Brant.

He vanished in the shadow, and in a few moments emerged, carrying a lantern and a spade.

"Listen," I whispered. "Don't you hear the crackling of twigs, as if some one were walking on the path near us?"

"Crouch down," answered Brant, in a low tone.

The crackling grew nearer, and presently our straining eyes could make out the forms of two men approaching on the path from the forest. One appeared to be leaning on the arm of the other. They passed us and were swallowed up in the darkness.

"Did one appear to be very tall?" I asked, wondering if by chance he could be Mr. Moyett.

"No, they were both rather undersized in weight and stature, while Mr. Moyett, we are told, was unusually large and powerful."

We stumbled on for some fifteen minutes, groping for the path as we went.

"Let's light the lantern here," said Brant, suiting the action to the word. "We must be nearing the clearing."

"Here's the clear space," I said presently, "and over there is the tree trunk on which I sat. The hole must be some one hundred feet in a straight line from that. It's near the foot of a tree much larger than the others about it."

We left the path and walked some distance on the soft carpet of leaves.

"Here's a big tree," said Brant, "and just here is where the hole has been filled up." He held the lantern to the ground and pointed to a mound of soft earth.

"Dig," he said.

I took the spade and shoved its blade into the loose earth. An uncanny sensation crept over me when my spade struck some resilient body. I fully expected to disclose in the lantern-light a man's face.

"I've struck something," I said, and worked more carefully. A few more spadefuls of earth, and a black object was revealed.

"Hello!" I said. "It looks like hair."

Brant bent over the opening, holding the light.

"It's what I expected," he said. "It's the dog Sancho."

"But Sancho was a red dog," I replied. "This is black."

"By George! you're right. Shovel away some more, and let's have a better look." A moment's work, and the carcass of a large black dog lay before us. Brant examined the head, and then, taking a knife from his pocket, cut away some of the fur.

"That will do," he said.

We hastily filled in the grave and retraced our steps, the lantern throwing fantastic shapes about us. At the edge of the woods we stopped.

"I shall leave you here," said Mason Brant. "I have still some work to do. You can replace the tools behind the rock."

He blew out the light as he spoke.

"To-morrow morning I shall be at The Maples. I think I shall have news of the missing man by then. Don't forget that we have an invitation to drink coffee with Doctor de Nara at eleven."

The next morning I presented myself at The Maples. Miss Sedgewick was in her garden, looking fresh and lovely; yet there was a worried look on her face, which I knew must be due to the trying events of the past few days. The doctor had been to see old John Vail, and thought that with rest and quiet he would come around all right. Morris had gone for a walk.

Mason Brant arrived promptly at eleven o'clock, and we set out at once for our visit to Doctor de Nara. Chairs had been placed on the porch of the doctor's cottage, and he himself came from the doorway as we approached—the same little old man, dressed all in black, whom I had seen in the woods.

"Is this your mysterious friend?" asked Brant, in an undertone.

"Yes," I whispered.

"Gentlemen, this is indeed a pleasure," said the doctor, when we reached the porch. He spoke in a low, well-modulated voice, and his English was excellent, though there was a slight foreign accent. "I was distressed beyond measure not to have received you yesterday, but as I am an old man and much of an invalid, I am forced to neglect some of the pleasures which come into my life. One of your names I know from the card which my servant brought me—I was obliged to send him with my invitation, you see."

"This," said the detective, "is Mr. Dale, a novelist, who is spending a few weeks at the lake. I am Mr. Brant, of New York, here only for a short visit. We called upon you in the first place to have the pleasure of knowing you, and secondly to ask you if by chance you could give us any information which might aid us in tracing our friend, your next-door neighbor, who has been missing for the past four days."

"I fear that I cannot help you in that," said the doctor. "Another young man came to see me on the day that Mr.—what is it?—Mr. Moyett disappeared. I could give no information whatever. So nothing has been heard of the missing man? Is it not distressing!"

He clapped his hands, and the servant appeared, bearing a tray upon which were three tiny metal cups.

"This is coffee as we make it in my country," said Doctor de Nara. "Will you not try it?"

"Delicious," said Brant, as he replaced his cup on the tray; then he continued: "You are a stranger in this country?"

"Yes," replied the doctor. "I am a long way from home. This is my first visit to this part of the world. I acquired my English in London, where I was a student for some years."

"You speak it excellently," I remarked.

"Thank you," said the doctor. "You are curious, no doubt, to know why I have come to this quiet spot. I will tell you without your asking. It is because here I find rest and quiet, not only for my health, but also to carry on certain experiments in which I have for many years been deeply interested—the growth of bacteria upon the living animal organism. It is necessary sometimes to practise vivisection. Here I am quite undisturbed, which might not be the case in a more thickly settled community.

"There is much feeling, at present, against such scientists," he continued. "I, myself, would not hurt a fly, and I take great care that the animals I experiment upon feel no pain." The doctor turned a pair of mild gray eyes from Brant's face to mine.

"Yesterday morning I had an attack of my old trouble"—he touched a point over his heart—"and was obliged to leave for a while the work on which I was engaged. The dog upon which I was experimenting came out from under the influence of the anæsthetic which I had employed, and uttered such a distressing cry that, ill as I was, I had to put him out of his misery."

The detective and I looked at each other. This did not conform to the servant's explanation.

"You have no difficulty, then, in disposing of the animals after they have served their purpose?" said Brant. "Possibly you use the lake?"

"Not the lake; I hear that in some instances the water is used for drinking. I have a little graveyard of my own—in the woods, some distance from here. But perhaps you would care to see my house and my little work-room?" said he, rising. "I am alone so much of the time that it is a positive pleasure to have some one with whom I can talk. This way, gentlemen, if you please."

Brant and I followed him into the house.

"The house is small," continued the doctor, "and it will not take long to show you every nook and corner. This room on the left is the dining-room; on the right, the parlor. I have little use for either of them. Back of these is the kitchen, and there is also a bed-room, in which my servant sleeps."

After exploring the ground floor, we all mounted a short flight of steps. "Here," said the doctor, throwing open a door, "we have one large room, my bed-room, with a dressing-room and bath-room beyond; and on this side of the hall is my laboratory, the only other room in the house."

We entered a large room, the windows of which looked toward the Moyett house. Several plain wooden tables stood about, on which was a litter of glass jars, beakers, test tubes, and many implements the uses of which I did not know. On a table near the window stood a microscope under a glass cover.

Doctor de Nara showed us many jars and tubes, containing, he said, growing colonies of bacteria, and described to us the method of their cultivation and isolation. I could understand but a small part of what was said, but Brant appeared deeply interested, and observed minutely every detail of the laboratory.

"The work is indeed most absorbing," said the detective; "but I fear we trespass too long upon your time. My interest has been such as quite to make me forget that I am the bearer of an invitation for you from your next-door neighbor, Miss Sedgewick. She begs that you will give her and ourselves the pleasure of your company at tea to-day."

The doctor smiled and shook his head.

"My compliments to her, and a thousand thanks, but I cannot accept. I have given up going out these many years."

"Miss Sedgewick will be disappointed," said Brant. "She is the adopted niece of Mr. Moyett, and the daughter of an old friend of his, who was a Miss Hollis before she married Colonel Sedgewick."

The jar which Doctor de Nara was replacing upon the table fell to the floor with a crash.

"Dear me!" he cried. "My hand is not as steady as it used to be. You think there is a possibility of hearing news of Mr. Moyett?"

"I think it possible," said Brant.

"Then," said the doctor, "I shall break my long established rule and take tea with you to-day. Please present to Miss Sedgewick my most neighborly regards. At what hour shall I present myself?"

"Tea is served at five o'clock," Brant said.

"I shall be there," replied Doctor de Nara, with a smile.

We were standing upon the porch, waiting for tea, when we heard the horn of an automobile a short distance up the road. I instinctively looked in the direction of the sound, and saw a small red touring car coming rapidly down the highway from the direction of Kingsley. A powerfully built elderly man was its sole occupant, and he turned into our gate in a reckless manner, nearly carrying off one of the posts. He drove the machine directly up the gravel path, heading toward the porch where we were standing, and I could see by the way he handled the steering-wheel that he was not an expert driver, or else he was unaccustomed to handle that particular machine. He was so engrossed in the operation of the car that he looked neither to the right nor to the

left. A cry burst from Miss Sedgewick's lips, and her cousin started in amazement.

"Uncle!" she screamed, as the car skidded over the rough gravel and made for the exit gate.

"I'll be hanged if it is n't old Moyett!" excitedly exclaimed Morris. "If he is n't careful he'll smash that gate. By Jove! that's old De Nara's car he's driving and he'll smash that too if he does n't take care. What is he trying to do?"

In a moment more the occupant of the machine had swung it out of the gate and into the main road again, without a glance or a word of explanation. A minute or two later we saw him turn the sharp bend in the road a few hundred feet beyond, in a cloud of dust.

"What a strange expression uncle had!" excitedly exclaimed Miss Sedgewick.

"How terribly pallid he looked, and how oddly he seemed to shake!" broke in Morris.

"Do you think he can be in his right mind?" queried Miss Sedgewick. "Shall we not try to follow him?"

"By all means!" Brant cried. "Who has a wheel?"

"We have no wheel," answered Miss Sedgewick excitedly, "but Uncle Nahum's own automobile is here, and I can take you in that." She ran to the rear of the house, and we hurried after her. But the stable was locked, and Morris was obliged to go back to the house for the key. How my heart ached for the girl, now pale and trembling in her suspense and anxiety!

Morris returned after some delay, and we threw open the heavy doors of the building, which served as stable and garage. The car was an unusually large one, with spacious tonneau, and from the great size of the driving-sprockets and long projecting engine casing it was undoubtedly far superior in power and speed to the car Mr. Moyett was driving. Unfortunately, it was some time before we could get started, as the machine had not been used for several weeks, and needed both gasoline and water. Miss Sedgewick superintended the filling of the tanks, and tested the electrical circuits. She looked very lovely and very lovable as she took her seat at the wheel and handled the levers. Morris and Brant undertook to crank the engines, while I took advantage of the situation and lost no time in swinging into the seat by Eleanor Sedgewick's side. I thought she colored a little when her eyes met mine, and my heart gave a bound. I forgot Brant, Morris, the machine, our mission, everything, and only dwelt upon the fact that I was sitting next to her for a ride—I cared not whither.

It was some time before we got under way, and I know Brant indulged in some quiet profanity at the cranking, which he had volunteered to assist in. We had barely reached the garden gate when we

were greeted by Doctor de Nara. He appeared to have something important to say, and showed considerable embarrassment as he motioned for us to stop.

"This is our neighbor, Doctor de Nara," said Morris, by way of an introduction to his cousin.

"Allow me to congratulate you upon your uncle's safe return," said the doctor to the fair girl at my side.

"He must have been ill," broke in Miss Sedgewick, "for he came in through the gate and went out again without stopping or giving any reason for his absence or his odd behavior."

"We are about to follow and try to overtake him," said Brant, "and, with Miss Sedgewick's permission, I will ask that you join us, Doctor."

Miss Sedgewick was glad to approve any suggestion Brant might make, and Doctor de Nara climbed into the car, and we were off.

Eleanor Sedgewick proved herself a skilful operator. She swung the machine out into the road, and I felt it bound forward under her guidance.

I looked back for a moment at Brant, just in time to see him lean forward, pick something up from the floor of the car, and put it in his pocket. I was chilled by his serious and meaning expression.

"What kind of a car is yours, Doctor de Nara?" asked Brant.

"Twenty horse-power Eagle," replied the doctor.

Brant seemed pleased at this reply, and made a note on his cuff.

"How did Mr. Moyett happen to have your car, Doctor?" inquired Morris.

"My servant took it to Kingsley," said Doctor de Nara, "and there met Mr. Moyett, who wished to borrow it to return home in. My man had some important things to attend to there, so he returned on foot through the fields. Mr. Moyett gave no explanation to my servant concerning his absence."

We were fairly flying now, and the blast of air and the vibration made conversation almost impossible. We sped around the sharp bend in the road where fifteen or twenty minutes before we had seen Mr. Moyett disappear from view, and we now had a straight unobstructed strip of road before us.

Brant endeavored to trace the marks of tires in the road, but the highway was too hard to take any impressions, so he sat with his watch in his hand as we shot along. The road stretched ahead straight and level, and we sped onward like an arrow from a bow.

Brant leaned over and observed the speedometer, which now stood steadily at sixty-five miles an hour. After noting the long second-hand on his watch, he began to figure upon his cuff.

"No use to go farther," he announced presently, which statement surprised us all. What could he mean?

We were approaching a fork in the road, and I realized that unless Mr. Moyett could be seen at this juncture, we would be at loss to decide what to do.

Morris leaped out of the car and endeavored to find the trace of automobile tires. Doctor de Nara also stepped out and examined the road minutely.

"Ah!" he exclaimed; "this appears to be a tire mark, here to the right. Let us follow this, Miss Sedgewick, for it is more than likely that Mr. Moyett took this road. The other is rarely used, and terminates in a little village below in the valley."

"Allow me to ask you to turn back," broke in Brant, "for Mr. Moyett did not come this way at all. We have been running away from Mr. Moyett for the past half-hour or more. I regret that I have just been able to prove this;" and he tapped his cuff, now covered with figures from his pencil. "We are thirty-eight miles from The Maples, and we have made the run in twenty-eight minutes. Now, in order that Mr. Moyett should be ahead of us, he must have averaged forty-six miles an hour from the time he left the gate. The twenty horsepower Eagle can at best run only thirty miles an hour, so it is impossible for him to be ahead of us."

Doctor de Nara frowned, Miss Sedgewick evinced considerable surprise, and Morris showed annoyance.

"How could he have failed to pass this way?" asked the young girl.

"There are no branches from the highway until we reach this sign-board," broke in Morris, "so there was no possible way for the old chap to have evaded us, except to run before us and beat us out. There was not even a farm gate he could have turned into."

"Turn back," said Brant, "and we will find your uncle within a half-hour, although I'm afraid we are too late to save him."

"What do you mean?" excitedly asked Miss Sedgewick. "From what must we save him?"

"Let us turn," said Brant, without replying to her question, "and follow the road home, only more slowly."

Miss Sedgewick backed the heavy car into the siding, and sharply swung the wheels over for turning. A short plunge forward and a second reversing of the engines were necessary to get the car into the right position for turning, owing to its great size, but the manoeuvre was deftly accomplished, and we were soon bowling smoothly along, heading for home.

We reeled off mile after mile at a somewhat diminished rate, and I knew that my companions were instinctively scanning the roadside, even as I was doing. Not a thing was in sight, not even the track-mark of our great pneumatic tires, which had trod the hard high-

way only a few minutes before. The grove of trees ahead, marking the bend in the road, would soon be reached, and then only a few hundred yards would lie between us and The Maples.

As the turn was a sharp one, the speed was diminished, and we had just struck the bend when I saw a sight that sickened me.

With a stifled cry, Eleanor Sedgewick threw the engines out of clutch and applied the brake. There, dashed against a great tree in the ditch, about twenty feet below the road, were the red touring-car and the motionless body of Mr. Moyett, lying across the badly smashed bonnet and lamps of the machine.

The car had left the curve in the road, and, while it was plainly visible from the direction in which we were returning, it was screened from view from the other direction by a thick clump of bushes. Mr. Moyett was lying face downward, and his head was close to the tree, which appeared to be badly barked by the impact of the car. I was conscious of Brant's springing out, and of his looking at his watch, when I felt Miss Sedgewick's hand seek mine and her fingers nervously close about it. Brant and De Nara were the first to reach the wrecked machine, and I saw tears in my companion's eyes as I helped her out of the high automobile, which was vibrating under the pulsations of its powerful motors like a steam fire-engine on duty. Without attempting to draw Mr. Moyett from his cramped position, Doctor de Nara felt his pulse. Brant did not offer to touch the body, either, which occurred to me as rather odd at the time, for Brant was an always ready aid-to-the-injured and had allayed the suffering of many an injured or dying man.

Miss Sedgewick would have thrown her arms about her uncle had not Brant raised his hand.

"Doctor de Nara has to inform you that your uncle is dead," he said, "and that there is nothing we can do. Doctor de Nara will also request that the body be not disturbed until the coroner's physician signs a certificate of accidental death."

How strange Brant's voice sounded, and how abnormal his tone!

Doctor de Nara looked annoyed and frowned menacingly at Brant's remarks, which had evidently anticipated his intended announcement.

"If you will get the coroner's physician and some one in authority to come to our assistance, Mr. Brant," he replied, "you will at least be of some service to the niece and nephew of this unhappy man."

Strange to say, Brant acquiesced at once, and asked if Miss Sedgewick would not take him in the car to Kingsley.

Morris and De Nara remained with Mr. Moyett's body, and I was about to climb into my old seat when Brant handed me a bit of folded paper and literally pushed me off the car. He took the seat I had

formerly occupied, next to Eleanor Sedgewick, and asked her to go as rapidly as possible. I resented this, and would have expostulated with Mason under other circumstances.

A moment more and the automobile was off. I watched them turn the bend in the road, and then unfolded the slip of paper.

"Stick close to De Nara until I return," the scribble ran, and I crushed the paper in the palm of my hand and approached the wreck. Morris and the doctor were examining the car, from which water and oil were dripping from broken piping and the battered-in cooling coils in front.

Why did Mason wish me to watch De Nara?

Morris walked up and down like a caged lion. The doctor placed his hand under Moyett's heart and then sat down by the bank and wrote in his pocket note-book.

An hour passed, and it began to get cold. The sun had set, and a chilling mist seemed to rise from the ground. De Nara appeared to be in no way impatient, but Morris showed signs of restlessness.

"I believe I'll walk over to The Maples," he said, and started to climb the bank. I motioned him to my side, and pushed the bit of crumpled paper into his hand.

"Read!" I whispered. "Brant left it."

Morris unfolded the bit of paper and read the few words, then glanced at De Nara, who was walking up and down and occasionally consulting his watch. Morris sat down again and buttoned his coat about him. It was quite dark and I was feeling chilled through when the distant sound of an automobile horn caused me to jump eagerly to my feet.

Nearly two hours had elapsed since Brant and the girl had left us, and the sound of the approaching car was a most welcome one. The horn sounded nearer and nearer, and then a silvery light shone upon the trees and bushes from the great acetylene projectors of Mr. Moyett's car. The machine came to a halt and three men got out from the tonneau. Brant, who was on the front seat, joined them with a lantern. They held a brief consultation with Doctor de Nara below, then, after making a thorough examination, they lifted the body of Mr. Moyett from the wreck and carried it up the bank.

De Nara and Morris got into the tonneau with the body, together with one of the men from Kingsley. Brant asked Miss Sedgewick and me to go at once to The Maples, saying that he and the other two men would walk back with the lantern through the grove of trees.

When we reached The Maples we placed the body of the late owner of the house upon the library couch, then turned to give Miss Sedgewick what comfort we could. Morris brought her a glass of sherry,

and Doctor de Nara directed that she rest on one of the comfortable sitting-room sofas, for she was beginning to show signs of nervousness.

"Will you be good enough to send two or three telegrams for me?" she asked me, and I felt that there was nothing in the world I would not gladly do for her.

I had written out the telegrams and telephoned them over to Kingsley when Brant arrived. He came upon us by surprise, emerging from the back of the house, through the room where the body of Mr. Moyett lay. He was accompanied by a tall, gaunt man, who stood quietly by his side.

The detective's face was badly scratched and cut, and his coat was torn and covered with dirt.

"You are hurt!" I said. "What has happened?"

"Only a little tussle," Brant replied. "You'll feel sorrier for the other fellow, who is now in the hands of the two stout constables Miss Sedgewick brought from Kingsley."

Doctor de Nara rose, saying that he would procure some plaster from his neighboring house, when Brant gently touched his arm.

"I am able to tell you the circumstances of Mr. Moyett's strange disappearance and tragic death," he said, "and I beg that you will remain for a few short minutes and hear some of the facts in the case, which is certainly an unusual one."

Doctor de Nara nervously took a seat. He was very white; Morris handed him a glass of sherry. Strangely, no one spoke. I think we all felt the deep influence of a terrible mystery about to be revealed.

We all seated ourselves, and Brant began his narrative.

"Mr. Moyett has for three years past resided in this secluded spot because he feared to mingle with his fellow-men," the detective said, speaking slowly and deliberately. "His nature and physical condition were not those of a student, nor was he engaged in any particular work or research, his large library consisting of merely such books as would interest an ordinary man's mind and occupy his time. He did not confine himself to a sedentary life through choice.

"Let us assume that there was some person whom he had known in years gone by, whom he dreaded to meet. Here he fancied himself quite safe from harm, until some four weeks ago, when he found reason to suspect that the person whom he feared to meet had discovered his hiding-place. He dreaded this person to such an extent that he believed himself in danger of his life—so much so, in fact, that when he heard of his close proximity he took from their accustomed place, where they had hung undisturbed for three years, a pair of pistols, cleaned and loaded them, and kept them constantly by him for three days. At the end of this time he replaced the weapons on the wall where they had hung for so long. What are we to conclude from this?

That he no longer greatly feared his old enemy. Do I make myself quite clear?"

Miss Sedgewick's eyes were wider open than usual and fixed upon the detective's face; Morris leaned upon his elbows, his gaze intense; Doctor de Nara took a sip of his sherry.

"Quite clear," he said.

The detective continued:

"Two or three days before Mr. Moyett took from the wall his pistols, an invalid gentleman with one servant—foreigners apparently—came to the neighborhood and took up their abode near him. Would it be entirely unreasonable to assume that this foreigner was the man whom Mr. Moyett once feared, but who was now no longer capable or desirous of doing him harm? We do not know just how Mr. Moyett acquired his knowledge of the physical or mental changes in his old enemy—it is quite possible that they met. I have not the slightest doubt, however, that this foreign gentleman meant to kill Nahum Moyett, and played the part of invalid or penitent, the better to entice his intended victim in his power. Do you follow me?"

No one spoke. The girl, at the end of the table, was very pale; one little hand was at her throat. Morris leaned more eagerly forward. Doctor de Nara's thumb and forefinger still rested upon the stem of his wine-glass.

"Last Monday morning," continued Brant, "this foreign gentleman, seeing Mr. Moyett's gardener at work, sent his servant to fetch him, and then despatched the gardener to his master with some message—perhaps that he was dying. From the mutterings of this poor crippled gardener, in a recent attack of delirium caused by a guilty conscience, it has not been difficult to gather that he acted as messenger. The result of the message was that Mr. Moyett, believing himself about to be freed forever from his old enemy, was joyous at the news—which would account for his laugh and his smiling face as he ran from his study and across the land separating his house from the supposed dying man. He ran, fearing that Death might reach there before him.

"He entered the house, and, directed by a servant, rushed upstairs and into the room where he expected to find his old enemy in his last moments. Instead, he was felled to the floor and his skull was fractured as he entered the room, by some one behind the door. The wound would indicate that the blow was struck with a wooden mallet which is now in the basement of that house."

Miss Sedgewick gave a gasp, and I could see that she was deeply affected. Doctor de Nara's eyes rested upon her.

"But Mr. Moyett was alive and well this afternoon," broke in Morris. "We all saw him driving Doctor de Nara's car,"

"There you are wrong," said Brant gravely. "Listen."

"Go on, go on!" cried Morris. "Explain yourself."

"For some time," the detective said, "Mr. Moyett remained unconscious, and when he came to, he found that he was bound hand and foot. In that way he remained three days—marks of the cords and wounds upon the wrists and ankles which I have just examined go a long way to confirm this. On the third day, hearing voices at the door of the house in which he was a prisoner, he gathered what little strength he had left and gave a cry which could be plainly heard without. The voices he had heard were those of two men who had called upon the captor. At his cry they returned, but were told by a servant that the master of the house was ill. I do not believe that Mr. Moyett lived more than a few minutes after this. The dog Sancho, which had been chained up, was let loose, and, scenting his master's trail, followed it to the door of the house in which he was confined. This complicated matters considerably, as the dog could not be driven away. He was finally admitted, and killed with the same mallet that had stunned his master. Then an idea entered the head of Mr. Moyett's murderer: he believed the suspicions of the two men were aroused by the cry they had heard, though, as a matter of fact, they were willing to believe that the cry was uttered by the invalid owner of the house himself, and did not then regard him with much suspicion, especially as an innocent man had, by his courtship of the pretty daughter of a farmer living near Broomfield, unintentionally drawn suspicion upon himself."

The detective rested his gaze upon Morris, whose face was for a moment a study worthy of an artist.

"By George!" he muttered.

"These suspicions," resumed Brant, "were soon proven groundless by an investigation about Broomfield. Then it was that the aforesaid elaborate scheme of the guilty man drew suspicion upon himself. He had intended to bury the body of his victim in the woods, but, knowing himself to have been observed while digging a grave, he changed the shape of the hole from that originally intended, and buried in it the body of Mr. Moyett's dog, whose coat he had changed in color from red to black by a solution of silver nitrate. He then exhibited to the two men whom he felt suspected him a 'fake' laboratory, hastily improvised for their deception, and tried to make them believe that the cry they had heard was uttered by a dog under experiment. I will not give in detail all the points which marked him as the guilty man. The long scratches upon the front door of his house, seen on the second but not on the first visit to him, with the knowledge that his victim's dog had also disappeared, were among the important ones.

"And now for the most diabolical conception and the last gruesome attempt to lead astray the men whom he suspected of being officers of the law. Knowing that the two men in question had looked into the cellar and had seen what could only deepen their suspicion, owing to his carelessness in leaving bloody implements around, he determined to make another effort to throw them off his track."

He paused a moment, during which the silence was unbroken, save for the ticking of the hall clock; then resumed his narrative:

"The criminals—for there are really two of them—dragged the body of Mr. Moyett, already stiff in death, to the automobile house as soon as the two visitors had departed, and seated him in the front seat of the machine, with his hands on the steering wheel."

Miss Sedgewick gave a moan and covered her eyes with her hands.

"By removing a plank in the floor of the machine and one under the rear seat of the tonneau, this foreign gentleman's servant, who is a small but powerful man, was enabled to lie down in the bottom of the car, where he could manipulate the controlling clutch and operate the steering-gear by means of two stout pieces of wire attached to the pivots under the steering wheel. Mr. Moyett was stone dead when he passed through the garden this afternoon, the automobile being controlled and operated by this servant, who peered through peep-holes in order to guide the car."

"By George!" said Morris; "but was n't the man killed in the crash when the machine struck the tree?"

"There was no collision with the tree," replied Brant. "As soon as he had turned the bend in the road and was screened from view by that grove of trees, the masked operator of this car of death slowed up, applied the brake, and descended the steep incline as gently as if he had been carrying a basket of eggs instead of an already murdered man. This is very evident, as I found the brakes locked fast to the wheels and deep marks in the soft earth of the bank, caused by the dragging tires. As Mr. Moyett's skull was already fractured, it was an easy matter to place his head against the tree, after smashing off some of the bark, as well as the lamps, water coils, and front axle, by means of a heavy sledge found near the car and but poorly buried beneath some dead leaves and soft earth in the grove. Although this foreign gentleman's servant conducted and completed the better part of this fake accident, both men were there, as is proven by this little object I picked up from the floor of Miss Sedgewick's automobile when we were giving chase;" and Brant produced and held up to view a bit of glass, corrugated in shape and slightly convex.

"This piece of glass matches exactly that remaining in the projectors, together with that strewn over the ground, and must have flown from the impact of the sledge and lodged in the recess of this

gentleman's upturned trousers. It was not until he climbed into Miss Sedgewick's car that it was dislodged and fell upon my boot.

"Leaving the servant to complete the details of this fake accident, the master left and went to The Maples by way of the short cut through the grove of trees, in time to meet us at the gate as we were leaving to give chase to the death car. Suspecting this ghastly phase of the situation, I urged Miss Sedgewick to press the pursuit, for the man operating the funeral car might have received orders to run the machine to the river, forty miles beyond, and there plunge it off the bridge and lose it from sight with its victim forever. There are but few more details. Fearing we would discover the cold and still condition of the murdered man, this unscrupulous foreign gentleman bade us go to Kingsley for the coroner's physician, requesting that the body remain untouched in the gathering chill of the night until the proper officer could issue the exonerating certificate of accidental death. Instead of this, the messenger returned with the sheriff and two of his constables, who now have the chauffeur of this car of death securely locked behind bars at Kingsley, but not before I had encountered him single-handed, armed with a Stilson wrench, behind a clump of bushes where I felt he was probably hiding."

Brant put his hand to his head, which had received a bad scalp wound. I looked at Miss Sedgewick. She was standing the ordeal bravely.

Brant turned to our foreign visitor and, advancing a step, said: "Doctor de Nara, I arrest you in the name of the law for the murder of Nahum Moyett."

The sheriff, who had come into the room with Brant, produced a pair of handcuffs and approached De Nara.

Miss Sedgewick rose from her seat, and my heart beat fast as she came over to the sofa near which I was standing.

Doctor de Nara turned the stem of his wine-glass between his thumb and forefinger. When he spoke his voice was very low and there was no longer a foreign accent.

"It is all quite true," he said. "Your story lacks only a few minor details. To kill Nahum Moyett has been the one great absorbing passion of my life. I have lived and searched and striven for this opportunity. One of the few details your story lacks is the cause of the killing. Without that, the narrative would not be complete."

"It is now quarter to ten," said the detective. "I have ordered a carriage to be here at ten, as we must catch the midnight train for New York."

"Fifteen minutes will be ample in which to sketch my motive," said the doctor, and as he spoke he took from his pocket a large, open-face gold watch and laid it upon the table before him.

"Our differences began in the first year of the Civil War, when I was attached to a regiment of cavalry and camped near the plantation of a gentleman who extended to the officers of the command the warmest hospitality. Two in particular were always welcome, Captain Nahum Moyett and myself.

"The daughter of our host and hostess, an only child, was one of the fairest and noblest women that the Southland had ever produced, and it was not long before Moyett and I were rivals for her heart and hand. Finally it became only a question of a day or so before we should break camp and move to the front, and so one night about a dozen officers met under that hospitable roof, to bid farewell to those who had shown them such kindness. After the ladies had retired, a punch was brewed. I was a young man of extremely temperate habits, for those days, but that night I drank enthusiastically to the toasts—'The Ladies' and 'Southern Rights'—for before she had left me the dearest girl in all the world had whispered the word I had longed to hear. More toasts followed, and when we arose to go I felt the effects of the spirits I had taken.

"Captain Moyett and I lingered behind the others to take a last farewell of our host.

"This I remember, and no more. When I came to myself I lay on a rude couch in a hut, with the daylight streaming in through a small window. My head ached fearfully. Moyett stood by me, his gray uniform white with dust; his face was pale, and I noticed that his left hand was bandaged. 'Listen,' he said. 'A dreadful thing has happened. How much do you remember?'

"'I remember nothing,' I answered.

"'Three nights ago,' he said, 'we called to say farewell.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I do remember that. What happened?'

"'We left our host and rode away,' Moyett continued. 'You were decidedly the worse for drink, and, instead of the ride sobering you, as I had hoped it would, you became more intoxicated. Half way back to camp you pulled up your horse and shouted, "Moyett, I am going back! Eleanor is waiting for me. I may ride to battle and to hell to-morrow, but I shall feel her kisses upon my lips to-night." I seized your bridle rein, crying that you were mad. You struck me in the face, and galloped back. The blow stunned me, and it was a few seconds before I was quite myself; then I rode full speed after you, hoping to overtake and dissuade you from your mad purpose. When I reached Elmwood, your horse was wandering on the lawn, and I could see you in the moonlight on the veranda, trying to force an entrance into the house, and calling: "Eleanor, Eleanor!"'

"Moyett then told me he reached my side, and dragged me away across the fields. Then he told me that I had fallen into a drunken rage

and had tried to shoot him, and that he had left me after he had exacted a promise to return at once to the command, though I had flatly refused to accompany him."

Doctor de Nara paused for an instant.

"He said that he then returned to the regiment, which broke camp early the next morning, and met the enemy. Our men were routed, leaving a third of their number on the field of battle. In the excitement he had forgotten me, until he had accidentally come across me in the hut while riding across country.

"He told me that there was not a man but believed I was a deserter in the face of the enemy, and he advised me to leave the country at once. He said the story would not be long spreading, and that every one would despise me. I must get out of the country and change my name, if I wished to avoid the sting of disgrace and dishonor. Then he handed me a note from Eleanor, which proved to be short, definite, and conclusive. She wrote me never to attempt to see her again, for she was putting me out of her life.

"That night, with my heart like lead, I crept from my hiding place, and a few days later took a steamer for England. Of my wanderings for nearly forty years I shall say nothing. At first one or two letters came from Moyett—he had promised to keep me informed—and in answer to my questions of Eleanor he wrote that she had put me completely from her thoughts."

Doctor de Nara turned to Miss Sedgewick.

"Will you not try to imagine what my life has been, what my feelings were when I learned just a year ago that Moyett had lied to me and tricked me out of the country?"

"He had lied to my sweetheart and my companions and had shown them forged notes from me in support of his story, as he had shown me a forged note from Eleanor. I had not drunk such an inordinate quantity of liquor on that fateful night, and can only account for the very strange collapse by the supposition that he had found some way to drug me. He had been very solicitous that only he and I should be there at the last.

"His story that I had returned to Elmwood that night was false; for a disturbance such as he described in that quiet country could not have failed to arouse the house, and I have learned that no one in the house could recall having been alarmed in that way on that last night. Moyett had then deliberately cut me off from mother, father, sweetheart, friends, country.

"For a year I have hunted him, having only the name to go by. At last I came upon his whereabouts, and took up my abode near him. I think he felt in his guilty soul that I should discover his treachery and seek him out, but when he came face to face with me upon the

road a month ago, I was in my invalid chair, which I had assumed, and his fear of me vanished. He believed that I had merely crept home again to find him and ask him news of those I had loved.

"I cannot tell you what hatred for that man rose in my heart as I watched his house and grounds from my window, planning as to how I could get him into my power. One day I saw him strike his gardener with a heavy whip, and I knew I could rely upon this cripple to aid me. Last Monday morning I saw him at work on the hedge. I sent my servant for him, and when he came I was in bed. 'Go and tell your master that Stuart Davis is dying and begs to see him,' I told him. Then I took my place behind the door, and prayed God that Moyett might not fail me. He came, and from behind I struck him down. The blow did not kill, and for three days I kept him bound hand and foot. I told him of my wanderings and my sufferings, and of the damnation that was waiting for him for blasting my life.

"Moyett grew weaker each day, but on the third day was strong enough to give vent to a loud cry. I would not let this happen again, so I opened a vein in his arm, and as his life ebbed away I cursed him for the cowardly wrong he had done me.

"This gentleman has told you of the coming of Moyett's dog to my house, and of my improvising a laboratory. I had intended, with the help of my servant, who for reasons I will not give would ever be faithful to me, to bury Moyett's body. When I learned that Moyett had adopted as his niece a daughter of his old friend, Eleanor Hollis Sedgewick, I could not resist the temptation of seeing her; and in her I see her mother over again—the girl whom I loved better than life itself, whose memory is the only bright spot in my existence. There is nothing more to say—except that I possess a subtle poison, whose effect, though not immediate, is certain. Don't rise, don't move—it is too late; a few minutes ago I swallowed a fatal dose in this glass of sherry."

He glanced at his watch.

"Just ten o'clock," he whispered. "The last train I shall ever take is going—the train for Eleanor—the train for home."

Stuart Davis sank forward on the table, dead.

Miss Sedgewick rose slowly from the sofa and drew away from the table where Stuart Davis lay. Instinctively she came in my direction, her eyes filled with tears, deepening, if possible, the compassion I felt for her.

"Come, let us go out on the veranda," I said, and she accepted the suggestion without looking at the others. She walked to the farthest corner, and I endeavored to offer what consolation I could. When I heard her sob I instinctively took her hand in mine. She made no effort to withdraw it, and a great flood of happiness swept over me.

We stood some time together without speaking, the silence broken

only by the rustle of the leaves and the sounds of the insects without in the garden. Many were the thoughts that went swiftly through my mind as I looked upon this fair girl, depressed by the weird and unhappy events she had passed through. I could see her dear pale face plainly now, for my eyes had become accustomed to the dark, and I gently carried her hand to my lips and kissed it. Presently she turned and my eyes met hers.

"Dearest," I said, "dearest, I love you, and I want to be everything in the world to you. Can you find it in your heart to say as much in reply to me?"

"Yes," she whispered; "I have loved you from the first. You are my ideal, and to think that you should have come to me when I needed you most!"

A moment more and my arms were about her, with my cheek next to hers, lost in the sweet perfume of the embrace, conscious only of her heart beating with my own.

Mason and Morris remained to attend to the necessary funeral arrangements, while Eleanor and I, accompanied by her old nurse, left the next morning for New York, where I knew the change of scene and surroundings would help to divert her from the tragic events of the last few days at The Maples.



THE MOTHER

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

(She speaks, sitting up in bed)

HARK, hark!

Did you not hear a sound from out the Dark—

A little, broken, discontented cry?

(Hush, darling, I am nigh!)

The quick, bewildered walking mark you not,

The hands beseeching,

The white face stained with tears, the curls that clot

The tiny brow, the mother-want past speeching?

Oh, can you see my baby frightened there,

And can you bear

To keep me from her? *(Sweetheart, wait for mother!)*

How may she find the way, uncomforted?

And how shall comfort come from any other

Save me alone? *The people there are dead!*



THE LEGEND OF TANNHÄUSER

BY GEORGE L. KNAPP

IF I were asked to pick out the oldest literature in the world, I should go about the matter with a good deal of confidence, though I am neither a linguist nor an antiquarian. My method of search might seem somewhat peculiar: for I should pass by Homer, and the Bible, and the Vedas; I should not undertake to decipher the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylon, nor pay the slightest attention to the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Instead, I should take, almost at random, half a dozen of the stories my mother used to tell me when she put me to bed, and that your mother used to tell you under the same circumstances—"Jack the Giant Killer," for instance; or that one about the old woman who had such a time getting home from market. Then I should pick out an equal number of the old rhyming games we used to play, such as

Chick-o'-me, chick-o'-me, Craneycrow
Went to the well to wash her big toe—
What time is it, old witch?

And I should know that of these dozen games and stories a full half—though I might not be sure which half—were told and played by the naked brown children of the Orient a hundred centuries before Abraham was born. They are so old, some of them, that they have had time to spread from Lapland to Zululand, from Portugal to Japan. Sometimes we can trace them back four or five thousand years, and find that the very words and phrases have scarcely changed in that time. Our jingle of "The House that Jack Built" is almost identical with the ritual which the head of every Jewish family recites on the eve of the Passover. His ancestors got it from Babylon twenty-five or

thirty centuries ago, and no human being can even guess how old it was then. Instead of the malt that lay in the house that Jack built, there is "a kid that my father bought for two suzim; one kid, one only kid of a goat." After that the resemblance is perfect. There is a cat that bites the kid, and a dog that worries the cat, and a stick that beats the dog, and a fire that burns the stick, and water that quenches the fire, and an ox that drinks the water, and a butcher that kills the ox, and then: "And the angel of the Merciful One came—blessed be he—and touched with his wand the butcher that slew the ox, that drank the water, that quenched the fire, that burned the stick, that beat the dog, that worried the cat, that bit the kid, that my father bought for two suzim—Chad Gadya, Chad Gadya!"

For the old things are the new things. The baby that was born this morning is compact of tendencies and reactions and dormant instincts and emotions, so old and so enduring that by comparison the pyramids seem the tents of a summer night. He is old with the measureless antiquity of the race; older than he will ever be again, for each year added to his personal life makes him represent a younger period in human development. When he can scarcely wiggle his little pink toes he can hold his weight by his hands; and if you let him get hold of your hair or your whiskers, the clutch of those baby fingers will tell of the time when his ancestors—and yours—lived a good ways from the ground, and it was exceedingly important that there should be no falling. Watch that baby for a few years, watch him and let him grow, and you will see the progress of the race repeat itself before your eyes; and when he begins to ask you for stories and come to you with romances of his own invention, you have reached the beginning of the history of literature.

Now, if it has ever been your good fortune to hold the oldest appointive office in the world, that of court story-teller to his majesty the child, you must have noticed that his literary tastes are rather crude. He does n't want any moral reflections in his stories. He does n't want any complicated plots or mysteries. He has n't the slightest time for impressionism. You may give the giant four arms and one eye and as many pairs of legs as your conscience will permit; but you must make your description full and complete. You may take the hero on a wonderful journey in a land above the clouds, but you must get him there by the prosaic method of climbing a tree or a beanstalk. In other words, the child's imagination is weak, just as travellers tell us that the imagination of any really primitive people is weak.

And there is another curious circumstance that I may note in passing. When you tell stories to a child you almost always pay your unconscious respects to one of the oldest and most widespread superstitions on earth. For the stories that interest young children are nat-

urally those which have come down from the childhood of the race, and in those days people believed that if you spoke a man's name you called him; and that, dead or alive, he was likely to come. So they carefully left the names out of their histories; and we to-day, imitating without knowing why, leave out the names, too, and begin each ancient wonder story with the yet more ancient formula, "Once upon a time there was a man——"

Now, the greatest change in human life is the change from childhood to adolescence. The child from six to ten is in some ways the very opposite of the youth from thirteen to twenty. The child has very little imagination. The youth has more than he knows what to do with. The child is a realist. The youth throbs with idealism. The child has no morals worth mentioning, except what he has learned by rote from his elders; yet he often behaves very well. The youth cares more for purely moral considerations than he ever will again; though he may smash half the decalogue in one forenoon. And just as the stories that interest the child carry you back to the childhood of the world, so the stories that interest the youth take you back to the world's adolescence. For the child, the homely account of the pig that would n't go, and the adventures of Nicht Nought Nothing; for the youth, the Iliad and the Nibelungenlied, the Norse sagas and the Arabian Nights. Every great legend dates from the adolescence of the race that gave it birth. That of Greece gave us the histories of Achilles and Odysseus; that of France, the story of the Grail and the Romaunt of the Rose; and that of Germany, the legends of Faust and Tannhäuser.

Every one knows the story of Tannhäuser, of course, but it is worth repeating. Among the mountains of southern Germany there is one known as the Hörselberg, which even to-day is regarded with awe by the neighboring peasants. Half-way up its side is a deep cave, and from this cave there issue at times musical sounds. We of to-day know that a musical sound always results from a draught of air in a confined space. But this knowledge is a recent acquisition. Among a primitive people, such a cave was sure to be regarded as the abode of spirits, and the weird sounds that came from it as their singing or moaning. At first these spirits were the good-natured though capricious creatures of Teutonic folk-lore: fairies and kobolds and nixes. Even to-day the Norwegian peasants say of a particularly gifted musician that he has stolen the nix's chord; and I have no doubt that the early German minstrels came to this cave, to listen to the strange music, and perhaps to say a prayer to the ghostly harper within. Then came the short-lived Roman conquest, spreading a thin veneer of Latin culture over the land. The cave fairies shared in the change, and Venus, the goddess of love and music, became the tenant of the

Hörselberg, bringing with her the train of maidens who had graced her court at Corinth and Antioch. And then came the Church, and taught the people that all these creatures they had been worshipping were demons, servants of the Prince of Darkness, whose business and pleasure it was to seduce men into holding commerce with him or his imps, and thereby doom their souls to everlasting death. The musical cavern became the abode of artful fiends, seeking to lure unwary mortals to destruction; and Venus was feared as the procuress to the lords of hell, whose smiles could be purchased only by the sacrifice of one's immortal soul.

Given a belief like this, and we may be certain that stories would arise of men who had been overcome by the ravishing music, and had thrown away their chance of salvation by seeking the court of the goddess. As a matter of fact, we do find such stories very early in the Middle Ages. But in the twelfth century there was a change. The old scenery remained, but the essence of the legend was transformed altogether. According to the new version, a minstrel named Tannhäuser, weary with the buffetings of the world, had presented himself at the cave of the Hörselberg, and asked admission to the court of Venus. He was admitted gladly, of course; and for a year he revelled in the unholy delights of the place. Then, stricken with remorse, he left the court, found his way to upper earth again, and, seeking out a priest, confessed his sin. It was too grievous a matter for the priest to give absolution; and Tannhäuser was bidden to go to Rome and lay his case before the pope. Thither he journeyed, and, bowing before the Master of the Keys, he told his shameful tale. The pope heard the story with horror, and declared that for such sin there was no pardon, here or hereafter. Raising his staff, he exclaimed: "Sooner shall this dry stick put forth leaves and blossoms than shall a sin like thine be forgiven!"

The despairing minstrel turned away, and went back to the Hörselberg and the smiles of Venus. Hardly had he disappeared within the fatal cavern when messengers from the pope came seeking him. For a miracle had been wrought: the pope's dry staff *had* put forth leaves, *had* burst into blossom; and by these tokens the pope knew that Tannhäuser's repentance had cleansed his soul. But it was too late. The wretched man had once more sought the gilded antechamber of hell, and his soul was lost forever.

It needs no long exposition to show that this is a story totally different from the monotonous miracle tales of its time. There were yarns in plenty of men who had sold their souls to the devil; and one of them, that of Faust, has developed into an abiding possession. But here was a man who had lost his soul, not totally through his own fault, for repentance had wiped out his sin; but largely through the

attitude of the institution to which was committed the cure of souls. The Tannhäuser legend is a story with a purpose—like Æsop's fables, and the parables of Jesus, and the book of Jonah, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; it is plainly a mediæval protest against the manner in which the Church administered its trust. It is about the earliest piece of Protestant literature on record; certainly the oldest that has come down to us with its force undimmed and its natural strength unabated.

It is a pity that we have no more definite knowledge of the author. Tradition has it that he was a minstrel named Tannhäuser, like his hero; and that he was widely celebrated in Germany for his songs and his musical abilities. There is nothing certain about it, however, and it seems unlikely that the author of such a story should go unmolested if he were generally known. He might have escaped, of course. The pope and the emperor were quarrelling a good deal of the time; and the German princes were not likely to be overzealous in persecuting the man who voiced their own sentiments so handily. All that we can be really sure of is that the author was a native of southern Germany. After all, it does not matter much. He did his work, and the thoroughness with which he did it is shown by the fact that he fixed the story. The Faust legend varies from land to land, and from century to century, and no two versions are quite the same. The myth of William Tell has so many forms that the authorities are hopelessly divided as to *how* many there are. But the Tannhäuser story remained the same from the twelfth century down to the day when Wagner took hold of it and made it the theme for his great music drama. This is a feat that shows how powerfully the story must have appealed to the age.

In a succeeding paper I hope to show some of the underlying reasons for the strength of this appeal. For the present it is enough to note the fact. And that fact makes the Tannhäuser story mark the dawn of a new era in literature and politics. Not that there is anything radical about the legend. To us it seems very conservative. The author did not attempt to deny the Church's control of the keys of heaven and hell. On the contrary, he affirmed that control. He only asked that the Church should be a little more mindful of her duties; that the pope should be a little less hasty in his judgments. But this from a mere layman was startling enough. It opened up a new and most effective way of combating ecclesiastical assumptions; and those who came after were not slow to take the hint. From this time forward, literature was a force to be reckoned with in European affairs; and it was a force that neither pope nor kaiser could long control. There was never a moment from the twelfth century on when the Church could wholly free herself from lay criticism; and that which was found so useful against the Church was soon turned

against the state. The minnesingers of Germany and the troubadours of France soon went far beyond the conservative protest of Tannhäuser; the Renaissance gave them classic models to study; and so the work went on until the polemic literature of all the ages culminated in the sarcasm of Voltaire. Little as he knew it, bitterly as he would have resented the statement, the sneering sage of Ferney was the heir-at-law of the nameless minstrel who first dared call the Church to account.

The tragic writers of Greece always chose legendary subjects for their dramas. I know of but one exception to this rule, and that is *Æschylus's* tragedy of the *Persæ*. So, too, Shakespeare, when he wished to scale the heights and plumb the depths of human nature, turned to the ancient legends of *Coriolanus*, and *Hamlet*, and *Lear*, and *Shylock*. There he found stories ready made, with no copyright law to interfere. They had proved their worth by living; all their crudities were worn away by the friction of the centuries; yet they were plastic as clay in the master's fingers. And so, too, Richard Wagner, when he had to teach a perverse generation that music is something more than a pretty noise, turned to the exhaustless stores of Norse and German mythology, and set the ancient gods and heroes bodily before our eyes. *Parsifal*, and *Brunnhilde*, and *Siegfried*, and *Lohengrin* are characters whom we think of in terms of music; and we can no more separate them from Wagner's surging harmonies than we can dissociate our conception of *Hamlet* from Shakespeare's blank verse. It is much the same with Tannhäuser; only, this story had more individuality, and was much harder to work over. Wagner has created the character of Elizabeth, one of the finest women in literature; and he has given us in *Wolfram* an almost impossible ideal of friendship and loyalty. Otherwise, I do not think he has helped the story much. He gets Tannhäuser into heaven just as Goethe gets *Faust* there: without showing any good reason for doing so, and merely as a concession to our modern sensibilities. But he has clothed the legend with deathless music, and to-day the name of Tannhäuser calls to mind the *Pilgrim's Chorus* and the song of the evening star far more clearly than the lonely cave and the minstrel who has left hope behind. But the heart of the story is still the same and still true. Still men refuse to learn that he who is born in the world must live in the world; and that not even the charms of a goddess can take the place of daily work. Still we shirk responsibility, and wonder that we lose freedom along with it; still we frame learned definitions of the unpardonable sin; still arrogance spurns humility—as still it ought. And still Nature smiles grimly, and distributes her favors alike to sinner and to saint; still, touched by the waters of liberty, the dry staff bursts into blossom; and still, on humanity's road, the pilgrims press forward, singing their chorus of hope.

THE REAL THING

By Katharine Metcalf Roof

BEFORE Larkins had taken him up and presented him, the girl's face had appealed to Denman. He could not have said exactly what it was about her that had attracted him so strongly—although he was a sculptor. It was not a question of lines, he decided, so much as a look, a certain indescribable look, in her face. Afterwards he noticed that her eyes were very blue, with dark lashes. He had always had a weakness for blue eyes with dark lashes.

It was just the stupid way things go that they should have been interrupted before they had been together five minutes. Larkins had brought up another chap. Larkins was an ass. And she and Larkins and the other man had all seen the same play the night before—a play every one was talking about, and that he, Denman, had not seen—and so he had been left out of the conversation. And then his hostess had come up and snatched him away in order to introduce him to a long, limp young woman with untidy hair, the hostess delivering herself of the sentiment, "You artists ought to know each other." And so he had lost his girl with the blue eyes and black eyelashes, and when he was free to look for her again he could not find her in the crush. Yet he had fancied that even in that talk about the play her eyes had strayed more than once to his, as if she would rather have continued the conversation with him. What was it that they had been talking about when the tactless Larkins had come up and butted in? That the high winds in New York were undoubtedly caused by the sky-scrapers, and how horrid it was to stand for hours on a windy corner waiting for your car and then have it go past; that it was a shame cabs were so expensive in New York. No, it could scarcely have been the spell of the conversation itself that she had felt.

Denman's chisel dropped to his side, and he went over to his window and looked out at a wonderful sapphire April sky and warm sunlight. It was one of those summer days that slip with deceitful promise into the midst of a raw New York spring. It was no day to stay indoors and work. What was it about the girl's face? He could not get her out of his head. Jove! it was almost uncomfortable.

A loud thump on his door roused him. "Come in!" he yelled,

after the informal fashion of the studio, secure of the sex of the knocker. His guest entered; it was Larkins.

"Well, you're a nice one," commented Denman, his sense of wrong at once aggravated by the sight of the cheerful Larkins.

"What's up now?"

"I want to know why you had to come up and butt in with Weston when I was talking with Miss Underhill."

"You mean Underwood," was Larkins's reply. He did not say any more for a moment, but instead grinned in an irritating way he had. "Can't be partial," he explained finally. "You weren't the only one after me. I find myself living the strenuous life when I am out anywhere with Dolly and Helen. I become suddenly popular with the boys. Never mind, cheer up, old chap." Larkins accented his remark with a resounding slap on the other man's shoulder. "Dolly told me on the way home that she thought you were awfully handsome, and that she adored artists, and that she was just crazy to come to your studio."

Denman's face became suddenly illuminated. "You're a good sort, after all, Larkins," he replied in a softened tone.

"I thought so," observed Larkins cynically. "Well, when do I bring her?"

"Oh, any time! To-day, to-morrow—the sooner the better."

Larkins looked disparagingly about the chaotic studio. "Not sooner than to-morrow, I should say. I'll call you up on the 'phone and let you know. That will give you time to smooth over the surface a bit."

Denman looked about his room tolerantly. "Oh, I dare say she knows what a chap's workshop looks like."

"I doubt it," replied Larkins unresponsively. "Don't believe she's ever been in a studio before. If she has, it's been the kind with incense and armor and expensive junk. This in its present state might look rather like a kennel to her."

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Denman, in horror. "Why, it seems all right to me. Perhaps I'd better have Maria in and give it a regular cleaning." He looked wistfully at Larkins, hoping to be reassured, but Larkins remained unsympathetic. "Good idea," he answered approvingly.

He turned at the door to remark, "I should have thought Helen would have been more your style."

"Helen?" repeated Denman vaguely.

"The other one—her sister."

"Did I meet her?"

"Must have. I trotted every one up to both of 'em. Helen is sort of—well—rare. But I guess Dolly's more of a winner."

"You, too?" inquired Denman sympathetically.

"Oh, no—no use. Helen won't look at me. She's artistic and soulful and all those things. Well—I'll let you know some time to-morrow."

All the rest of that soft, insinuating April day the blue eyes continued to look at Denman from under the black lashes, until at last he gave up work, put on his hat, lighted his pipe, and went out for a walk in the park. "Well, I guess I'm done for this time," was his half despairing, half resigned observation to himself at the end of the day.

The next afternoon another knock came at the door of Denman's studio—a decorous and refined knock, this time, signifying that there were ladies present—and Larkins entered with Miss Underwood, tactfully concealing his surprise at the reformed and unnaturally orderly studio.

"Well, here we are. I'm a man of my word. I said I'd bring her, and I've brung her. Now, what do I get out of it?" he observed as they entered, and Miss Underwood had exhibited an incomparable dimple as she said, "Tony is so absurd!"

For an agitated second Denman was only conscious of a fluffy, silken, perfumed presence, then he recovered sufficiently to look for the eyes. They were as large and blue and black-lashed as he had remembered them, but the way in which they looked at him was somehow different to-day. There was a certain coquettish trick with them—yes, distinctly coquettish. It was in the very flicker of her skirts as she fluttered about the studio from one model to another, asking the most ignorant questions in the most ravishing manner. She knew as much about art as a Persian kitten, but what of that? How pretty she was! Prettier even than he had remembered her. Hang art! Life was the thing! Denman turned his back on Larkins, who unselfishly meandered about among the familiar models and sketches, making observations to which neither of them attended. Finally he sank back on the divan with a relaxed "Mind if I smoke?" To which Miss Underwood had thrown him a hasty "Of course not, Tony," over her shoulder and continued her conversation with Denman.

"Aren't losing much time," was Tony's mental comment as, looking up from Denman's sketch-book some moments later, he observed the two heads close together over a photograph, and discovered that their conversation was becoming less audible. And when Dolly, at the end of an hour, had exclaimed, "Come, Tony, we really must go," Denman had followed them to the outer door with the most exaggerated manner. Tony felt quite ashamed of him. Then Dolly had turned to him before they were out of ear-

shot, with that absurd little gushing way of hers, and exclaimed, "Isn't his place just *too* fascinating, and wasn't it all too perfectly lovely!"

Tony felt very old and sensible. "I have never yet discovered," he observed in a markedly unimpassioned tone, "just what you intend to convey by that word 'fascinating.' I have heard you apply it to everything from a puppy to an actor, and from a new hat to a junk-shop studio."

"Tony, how coarse you are!" exclaimed Dolly.

"And this is my reward!" returned Tony.

Perhaps it was the springtime, perhaps it was the psychological moment, but, whatever the reason, the affair progressed rapidly. By June Tony had learned, to his astonishment, that that mysterious condition known as "an understanding" existed between them.

"Somehow, I don't see Dolly as a poor sculptor's wife," he observed to the partner of his bachelor joys and sorrows. "I can't think of her as anywhere but on a well-behaved golf links or at a tea fight. He isn't her style at all, you know."

The partner, who had recently been crossed in love, laughed bitterly as he crowded clean shirts into his dress suit case preparatory to a week-end outing. "You never can tell who a girl's going to get it into her head to like. They never know who the right one is until it's too late."

But Denman was ecstatic. He talked on the subject of Dolly so fluently and persistently that Larkins turned corners when he saw him coming. Denman had given up the social life of the studios, and went about everywhere with Dolly—to picture exhibitions, where she said wrong things about everything in the most enchanting manner; to parties, where he suffered torments of jealousy over the other men who crowded about her—a state of affairs which she did not seem to resent in the least. Moreover, he could not talk on the subjects that interested Dolly and her friends. But when they were alone it was different; then the distressing memories of these social pleasures faded away from his mind.

One day, in a misguided burst of confidence, he had been moved to describe one of these painful episodes to Larkins.

He was sorry immediately, for Larkins, with a perfectly unmoved countenance, and with one leg thrown over the arm of the chair, had only observed between puffs at his pipe:

"Well, you know, I never did think Dolly was your style."

Denman turned pale. "If you have no more perception than that, Larkins, I must beg of you not to discuss the subject any further."

"Just as you say," returned Larkins pleasantly. "You began it." After a moment of dignified reserve on Denman's part, and oblivious silence on Larkins's, the latter observed, "Now, if it had been Helen——" Then, warned by the look in Denman's eye, he went on hastily: "I suppose, of course, you know that she's coming back this week."

"So Dolly says," returned Denman coldly.

"She's been away during the whole shooting match, hasn't she? Won't it seem odd to her—to go off for six weeks and come back and find her little sister engaged to a perfect stranger? But you did meet her once, didn't you? That same day you met Dolly."

"I have no recollection of it," replied Denman formally.

Tony felt that it was a tactful moment in which to withdraw. He rose and administered one of his resounding slaps upon the other's shoulder.

"That's all right, old chap. No hard feeling, now. Dolly's all right. She's a brick. She's a——"

"I hardly need your assurances on that subject," interposed Denman icily. He was very pale, and his nostrils were quivering.

The soulless Tony laughed and applied another vigorous blow to his friend's broad back.

"Who brought you two together, old chap? Come, now, don't forget your real friends."

Denman softened visibly. "So you did, old man! I'll not forget that," he returned, with emotion.

With another strong-lunged laugh, the heart-free Tony departed.

"Tony certainly is coarse at times," thought Denman regretfully of his friend.

Denman could not have told afterwards just how they had got to the tragic point. It had begun with the flowers she wore. He had noticed them at once, for he had not sent them.

No, she had replied innocently, Ralph Newcomb had sent them. Didn't he remember Ralph? He had met him that afternoon at the Blacks'. He was a champion foot-ball player. He had been half-back at college.

"Football!" Denman had exclaimed, with untranslatable emphasis; and for the first time in their brief acquaintance the blue eyes had looked at him coldly.

"You don't mean to say that you don't care for football!" she said.

But Denman only ejaculated again: "Football! Oh, Lord!"

"He is a very clever man," remarked Dolly coldly, "and he is terribly popular. He is a perfectly beautiful dancer."

"What other accomplishments, may I ask, has this much-to-be-envied gentleman?" inquired Denman. "Does he turn hand-springs, perhaps? I suppose he wears a frock coat better than any other man you know."

"No, I prefer him in a sweater," returned Dolly inconsequently. "I adore athletic men."

"Indeed!" Denman was trembling with suppressed rage. "You seem to be unaware that in the circumstances to speak of men in the plural in that way is unbecoming, to say the least of it."

"Becoming or unbecoming, it is the way I feel," replied Dolly, with revolting lightness.

"Indeed!" returned Denman again. His vocabulary seemed to be becoming limited, perhaps from association with Dolly.

She moved about the room, looking at a bust here, a bass-relief there, in her pretty, trivial way. How very pretty she was! The consciousness of it irritated Denman still further. She had picked up a delicate pair of dividers, and was sticking them into the wooden model stand with little careless flings.

"Don't do that, please," he requested her. He crossed the room and took them out of her hand. "Pardon me, but what you were doing would ruin them."

"Well, upon my word!" she exclaimed, rising with a little flush on her cheek. She stood looking at him for a moment with her blue eyes as cold as steel, then with a superb movement she drew off his ring.

"I think perhaps we have made a mistake, Mr. Denman," she said, and all in a dazed moment Denman realized that she had left the room.

Mr. Denman! He sank back in a chair, stunned. It was all over, then. He dropped his face in his hands and tried to think. He got up and walked about the room. Perhaps she was right. Sometimes it had almost seemed to him that it was a mistake. But to end it all, like this, in a flash! Women were so sudden. There was no understanding them. He went over to the window and leaned out. The June sweetness outside mocked him. He drew in his head and began to walk about the room again. A blue and silver object lying on the floor distracted his attention. He picked it up mechanically, then realized that it was Dolly's bag—one of those pretty, foolish, coquettish things such women as Dolly always have about them. He turned it over in his hand. It was, like her, dainty, gay-colored, and non-significant. He was arriving at the scornful stage by this time. Suddenly he looked up and listened. His ear, finely attuned in these last few weeks to such

things, caught the faint rustle of a woman's skirts and the sound of a step. Then there was a light knock at his door.

She had come back, then. He hesitated a moment as he laid down the bag, before he went to open the door. Was it that he feared the shock of disappointment?

The girl entered the room quickly and looked up at him with a little smile.

"Dolly——" he began, then broke off, staring. The consciousness that was stealing over him was overpowering—this face, that look that was like the fragrance of a flower!

"My sister asked me to come back for her bag. She thought she must have left it here." The girl paused, but still Denman stood staring at her, without answering.

She flushed a little under his steady look. "You took me for Dolly, didn't you? People often can't tell us apart at first. But we really are quite different. I am her sister, Helen."

"Yes, yes," he gasped; "quite different." He put out both hands and caught hers. "It was you!" he said.

She looked up, her color deepening at this extraordinary reception.

"It was you that first afternoon," he repeated, still not taking his eyes from her face.

She withdrew her hands gently. "I don't quite understand." Denman drew a long breath. "No—but you will," he said.



BEFORE A NOR'EASTER

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

THE red, red sun is draped as with a sash
Of golden mist; the glistening beach is white
With rippling waves, that turn to opal light
And pink and gray and crimson as they flash;
In quick cascades the outer breakers dash
Translucent-green, from out the reaching Might
We call the sea; dim, distant, swift in flight,
Come thunderous billows—hear their boom and crash!

Immortal beauty, ever young and new,
O loved of God, thou freshener of the earth,
Who loves thee once, he must return to thee;
Dark then as death, and green and tender blue
As rainbow'd hope; in anger or in mirth,
Thou takest and thou givest life, O sea!



THE DEPUTY

BY B. M. SINCLAIR

LOTS of people have showed a consuming curiosity over the Bill Bruner business, and why he wasn't cinched when the gang he headed was broke up and scattered. I know why, all right, and I'm here to elucidate.

I'm some patriotic, and so when old Cullen, the sheriff, hazed me into a corner at Malta and asked me if I wouldn't help round up Bill Bruner and his gang, and said his deputy was laid up with a boil on his neck, and wouldn't I help him out, I permits myself to be swore in—especially when Cullen remarks that there's good money in it if we bring in Bill Bruner and collect the reward, which he said he'd split in the middle with me. Two of the Bruner gang had been pinched and sent up for six years apiece, but that didn't stack up very high, unless Bill himself was put where the coyotes couldn't bite him. So Cullen was good and anxious to gather him in; election day wasn't so far off yuh had to go to the calendar to hunt it up, and Cullen had his eye on a second shift at the sheriff graft.

I won't say he couldn't 'a' chose a better man than me, but he must uh knowed what he wanted in the line uh deputies; and, any way, I stood ace-high on riding and shooting and knowing the country like my letters. So I laid in a stock uh shells for my six-gun, and Cullen staked me to a rifle, and we loaded up a pack horse and moseyed out to uphold the majesty uh the law. We started at sun-up and rode about forty miles out where the country is large and lonesome and spreads out over all outdoors, nobody laying much claim to it. Cullen said Bill Bruner was rambling around loose somewhere out that way. But, Lord! there was sure plenty uh room for all of us without knocking elbows, and if we run onto him, it looked to me like it would have to be straight, fool's luck.

That night we camped under a cut-bank, and I begun to feel more at home than I did in town, even if Malta ain't such a hive uh humanity. Cullen seemed kinda despondent because we hadn't got sight uh Bruner yet, and he wasn't the best uh company.

Second day out, it commenced to rain. We got into our slickers and plugged along, telling each other it was a good thing for the country, and we hoped it wouldn't get tired and quit before it done any good. We was glad to see the range get a wetting up, and we didn't mind a little dampness. We camped that night on the dry side of a huddle uh rocks, and when we found something beside our matches and tobacco that would burn, we got a fire going and started in to fry bacon and boil coffee, philosophical. The coffee came out all right, but the bacon wound up more boiled than fried; the wet was coming down for keeps. We turned in, some gloomy, and slept with a lake in every hollow of the tarp we had on top uh the bed.

Next morning it was still leaking ice water, and we commenced remarking that it could quit any time now without any objections from us. It didn't, though; it kept coming right down till it went through our slickers, even. Cullen quit worrying about Bill Bruner and looking for clues, and wanted to know if I couldn't locate a ranch close handy by. He said Bill Bruner wouldn't be dubbing around in the rain, and we'd likely find him laying low at some ranch.

I'm some patriotic, as I said; but patriotism don't flourish none on rain-water and coffee-wash and parboiled bacon. I was like Cullen; I wasn't half as anxious to come across Bill Bruner as I was to get a roof over me; and the sooner I got it the happier I'd feel. So I says, after doing a stunt uh thinking:

"There's a ranch and an old sheep camp, both within riding distance; which one'll yuh take in yours?"

Cullen studied a minute, and I could see he was fair pining for shelter and a square meal; and the old swine didn't give a cuss whether I got in on the comforts uh home or not. "We mustn't take no chances on missing our man," he says, judicial. "And as sheriff it's my duty to go where he's most apt t' be. So," he says, looking righteous, "I guess I better head for the ranch. You can take the outfit and go on to the sheep camp, and join me when the storm lets up. No objections, have yuh?"

"None whatever," says I—and I sure hadn't; for the camp wasn't more than six or eight miles, with the storm at my back. And the ranch he'd bid for was a good fifteen miles, and the rain beating in his face all the way; and when yuh got there, the old fellow that owned it was one uh these arguing jaspers that'll make a man plot murder by the time he's listened to him awhile. And

the grub he sets up is something fierce. No, I was dead willing to take the pack outfit and the old sheep camp for mine.

So we parted company right there, and I took the pack horse and started up the creek, and moseyed along for a mile or so, thinking how it don't pay a man to always be feeling for soft snaps. Then I turns a bend in the creek bottom I was following, and comes slap onto a suspicious-looking individual riding a K-L horse. He seen me at the same time and kinda pulled off sideways, like he was aiming to do the vanishing act. The K-L had been losing some horses, I'd heard, and the way the fellow acted didn't look good to me. So I spurs up some to overtake him.

"Hi, stranger!" I yells, "don't be in such a hurry!"

He was, though; and his hurry got more violent. So I took out my gun and cut down on him a couple uh times, and he pulled up reluctant and waited meek till I come up with him. I had a big hunch that I'd made a ten-strike accidental, and this was Bill Bruner. He sure eyed me unfriendly—but my gun was looking his way, so he couldn't do nothing worse than scowl.

"What d'yuh want?" growls his nibs, giving me and my gun the bad-eye.

"I just wanted to see the color uh your hair," I smiles back. "Yuh was going so fast I couldn't make sure whether it was red or not."

He looked plumb murderous. "Well," he snorted, "if you've found out, I'll ride on."

"Oh, I don't know," I says. "I was thinking we'd travel together, cully. I'm plumb lonesome. What did yuh say your name was?"

"Peter Marks," he snaps. "I'm a horse buyer, and in a hurry. And, hang yuh! what yuh holding me up this way for?"

I looked him over, and, near as I could recollect, he answered Cullen's description uh Bruner; so I settles down to business.

"Where did yuh get that K-L horse?" I asks.

"Bought him."

"Well," I says, "I'll gamble his owner wasn't none satisfied with the deal. But if yuh got the bill uh sale handy, dig it up; I know old Smith's handwrite."

He cussed some, but he didn't show up no bill uh sale. So I dug up the handcuffs Cullen had staked me to, and got 'em on him all right, and annexed his six-shooter. Then I headed him up creek for the camp, tickled to death at the way I'd put it all over Cullen. Yuh see, I was so new to the business I fair squeaked.

I hazed him right along, and him cussing and explaining things by turns. But his explanations sounded some thin—which I won't

say for the cussing; you could chop off chunks uh that with an axe. When we got up to the camp, a fellow came out and stood on the dry streak under the eaves, with his thumbs stuck in his chap-belt, and regarded us meditative.

"Hello, pardner!" I sings out. "Any room at the inn for me and my protygee?"

He looks at the irons on my prisoner, and grins. "Sure," he says, "if you got your own blankets, and ain't too fastidious about the chuck. Say, how about smoking material? One uh the guests is plumb out and wants a smoke bad."

I got down and handed over my papers and tobacco, and told him who I was and who I'd got hobbled. He said he was almighty glad to see somebody that had nerve enough to take in Bill Bruner; he'd lost a couple uh good saddle horses himself, he said, and I could gamble he'd watch his nibs faithful while I picketed the horses.

He had a good fire going when I got in, and when I unpacked and started to cook some supper, he pitched in and mixed as good flap-jacks as I ever put my teeth into. Then he helped me search Bruner; and the first pass we made, we glommed a wad that stacked up over two thousand dollars. There was also a big, wicked jack-knife, and a lot uh stuff that didn't amount to nothing.

I give the new man Bill Bruner's gun to keep whilst we stopped together; he didn't have one of his own, and he said he'd feel a heap better, camping with a horse thief, if he had something to shoot with.

So then, having warned Bill aplenty, I took the hobbles off his wrists and let him eat supper. He was a surly cuss, and mighty poor company, but the other fellow and me got real sociable and acquainted. His name was Fawn Ellery, and he'd been riding for the Seventy-Nine over on the Musselshell. He'd started over to strike the K-L for a winter's job, and the storm headed him off, so he was going to lay up here till it quit raining. He'd got there about an hour before we pulled in. We found out we knew a lot uh the same fellows, so we was chumming to beat four of a kind before we got through eating.

After supper we smoked and talked, whilst Bill Bruner kept quiet and nursed the grouch he had against the world—and against me in particular. Then I found a deck uh cards on a shelf, and asked Fawn if he wanted to play. So we played pitch awhile. Then Bill he kinda come out from under his blanket uh gloom, and said if we had nerve enough, and would give him back the roll we swiped off him, he'd take a hand at draw poker. I was agreeable, but Fawn said he wasn't loaded with dough, like our friend was, and couldn't stand anything higher than penny ante.

We used matches for chips, and played penny ante till Fawn said he was as near broke as he cared to be, and he guessed he'd have to draw out; but I'd been taking in matches off Bill Bruner till I felt plumb generous, so I staked Fawn to all I'd won off Bill, and we went on playing.

Well, we played till the roosters would uh crowed, if there'd been any, and Fawn and me won quite a wad of Bruner's roll. He didn't seem none enthusiastic, and hinted strong that we was giving him the worst of it right along. Him and Fawn got to passing remarks considerable about it, and so I hobbled Bill again and told him to shut up and go to sleep. We went to bed, and I laid awhile listening to the rain singing its little song on the roof, and thinking uh Cullen's face when I hazed Bill over to him—and that was the last I knew for awhile.

When I come to, Fawn had a fire going in the stove that was there, and was whistling "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" kinda low while he cut bacon with his jack-knife. I laid there a minute and listened to him. Then my prisoner turned over and commenced to cuss malignant, so I got up and pulled on my boots and told Fawn I'd cook the flapjacks.

"Looks like it was going to fair up," says Fawn. "I reckon we can pull out right after we eat. So if you want to take hold and get the rest uh the breakfast, I'll go wrangle the horses—yours and mine."

I said, "All right," and got busy. I was feeling pretty good, and willing to talk to somebody; but my prisoner turned sulky and wouldn't answer when I spoke, unless I grabbed the frying-pan and offered to bat him over the head. We didn't converse none to speak of; I was using the frying-pan constant for other things.

Time I had breakfast ready, Fawn come in and said the horses was ready outside, and passed me up a compliment on mine, which I called Rabbit on account of him jumping high and long when he got strung out. He said he'd like to own that horse, if I'd sell him. But I wouldn't, and told him so emphatic.

"Well," he grins, "yuh want to keep cases on your friend Bruner, then; for I reckon that same *caballo* is mighty tempting to a gent like him."

Bruner glared some at that, and said things damaging to Fawn's character, but Fawn only laughed at him, and set down to breakfast humming "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" again. He sure seemed stuck on that tune. After we got through, he helped me wash up the dishes—which there was mighty few. And when he wasn't throwing remarks out ambiguous at my prisoner, he was whistling to himself, kinda low. I was plumb sorry we had to part company

so soon, but he said he'd have to be jogging along down to the K-L, after that job.

I made Bill Bruner help me pack, and Fawn held the horse for us. When we'd got the pack on, we started in to saddle up. I was just shaking out my saddle blanket, when somebody behind me yells: "Drop it!"—and it wasn't my prisoner, because he was in front uh me, where I could watch him.

I whirls around quick, and say! I like to fell over my jaw, it dropped so far and so sudden. Fawn he was standing there looking at us over two guns, and he was grinning kinda nasty, with his eyes drawed together till they looked like a wolf's. I wasn't raised in the woods; I've saw that look before. So I know when to pull my gun, and when not to commit suicide. I hangs right onto my little old Navajo and goes on shaking. "What t' 'ell, Fawn?" I inquires, like it was all a joke.

"Drop that blanket, Mr. Deputy, and put up your hands," he snaps, extremely business-like.

I done it. As I said, I wasn't raised in the woods. I ain't a plumb fool, like the kind yuh read about in stories, that jumps straight at a gun like that without batting an eye. I put up my hands without no second telling, and kept my objections to myself.

"Now, Mr. Prisoner, you take his gun and hand it over here—belt and all. And just dig up what money he's got on him. And don't be all day."

Well, my prisoner done it, and done it quick and thorough. He looked kinda dazed, but he didn't say nothing. Then Fawn told me to walk over to the shack and stand with my face to the wall, and not to take my hands down unless I wanted the feel of a bullet in my back. I didn't hanker for no new sensations, so I moseyed over and tried how close to the ridge-pole I could reach. It was fun—I don't think!

Fawn he tells my prisoner he'll trouble him for them two thousand dollars, and there's objections raised, and then a gun barks. I'm still scratching wood a foot higher than my head, and you can gamble I don't turn around to rubber; but my ears is taking in great wads of information to make up for what my eyes is missing. I size it up that he shoots wide, and when his victim still shows some reluctance about handing over his roll, Fawn up and taps him on the head with one uh the guns. There's some language which I recognize as emanating from my prisoner, and directly he's standing beside me and trying to scratch higher than I'm doing. We ain't either of us what you could call joyful.

"Mr. Deputy," says Fawn, and I judge he's conversing from the top of his horse, "I'm obliged to you for all these little tokens, and glad I met yuh."

"Go to the devil," I answers. "If yuh ask me, I'm plumb full uh regret."

"I'm grateful for all this money, and the pack outfit, and the horses—most especially your Rabbit horse, which is a peach. Yuh needn't blast that poor devil's reputation no longer—I'll gamble he's a poor, harmless horse buyer, like he claims. Any way, it's a cinch he ain't Bill Bruner—because I'm him. So long, boys."

We can hear him ride off, still whistling "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" kinda low and pensive. Lord! how I hate that tune! I turn my head and look at my prisoner, that ain't my prisoner no more, and he looks at me.

"You blasted bone-head, maybe you'll take a man's word next time," he growls.

I don't say anything back. So we stand there a minute longer, listening to the *pluckety pluck* of four horses galloping away over the wet sod. It sounded as dismal as anything I ever listened to—and the nearest ranch twenty miles off. When it comes kinda dim, we turn around and watch 'em out uh sight over a ridge where the sun is peeking at us sarcastic.

"A fine deputy, you are!" grunts the horse buyer, rubbing a red welt at the edge of his hair. "A doggoned fine deputy!"

I sighs deep and regretful, but still I don't say nothing. It ain't my turn.

HEART'S RUE

BY ANNIE BEAUFORD HOUSEMAN

JUST the broad ocean and you—
And I—

The sea singing soft 'neath a purpling sky;
The starlit terrace and you—

And I—

Not daring to hear my own heart's cry;
Just the low rune and your eyes' sweet shine

And I,

Striving to keep the tears from mine,
To fetter my lips lest they kiss your brow
And tell you the story I'm telling you now,
That the leaden hours and lonely ways,
And days that are nights, and nights that are days,
Are these I must live with naught of you
Save the sea—and the rune—and my own heart's rue.



THAT DEAL OF DOUGHTY'S

BY WALT MAKEE

"RUFUS," Mrs. Doughty began, "Rosina and I were downtown this morning, and selected the piano."

"Yes?" came indifferently from the depths of Mr. Doughty's afternoon paper.

"It must be in her house *before* the wedding."

"If father doesn't object——"

"Rosina! I am addressing your father. When he has finished reading all the advertisements, perhaps he will spare a moment to listen."

"I *am* listening, my dear Fanny. Go on. You were saying something about selections from 'Rusticana.'"

"I said we had *selected the piano*. A man can't listen with a newspaper in his hand. Put the paper down on the table, Rufus. The easiest way not to be tempted is to remove the temptation."

Doughty laid the paper on the floor within easy reach and asked: "Are you making copies of your mother's maxims, Rosina? You may want to write the best-selling society-novel-of-the-month some day."

"Rufus, I am talking about pianos!"

"Well, go ahead. Nobody wants to interfere. To whom were you talking about pianos?"

"To you, Rufus Doughty. We decided to select one this morning——"

"While I wasn't looking."

"And as I wanted Rosina to have a *very* good one——"

"I'm prepared for the worst, Fanny. Don't hesitate. What is the price of the thing?"

"I haven't come to that."

"You women have no idea of time."

"Not when we're dealing for cash."

Doughty's smirk broadened into a smile. "Did you catch that, Rosina? Good, wasn't it?"

"Well, the piano we finally decided on——"

"Cost?"

"A thousand dollars."

The smile fled from Doughty's face. He stiffened.

"One piano?" he ventured.

"Don't be frivolous, Rufus," objected his wife.

"I rather supposed a man could go into the piano business with a thousand dollars. Sure you didn't get the dozen price?"

"If you could just see it, father!"

"You have at least aroused my curiosity, Rosina."

"It has real gold strings!" Rosina continued rapturously.

"Gold strings," he mused. "*Real* gold strings. I should imagine cast iron strings are more durable. Do you intend taking lessons again, Rosina?"

"I fail to note the connection," Mrs. Doughty interposed frigidly.

Doughty went on: "Some wise man has invented a piano without strings, for practice purposes. World owes that fellow a whole lot of gratitude."

"Did any one say anything about *playing* a piano, Rufus?"

"Come to think of it, no one did, except myself. We were talking about *paying*, not playing."

"Just as I warned you, Rosina; it is useless to try to confine your father to one topic at a time."

"Well," said Doughty in resignation, "what did you and Rosina discover about this piano?"

"It's just too cute for anything, father. It's made up in mission style, with a wax finish, you know——"

"I see, Rosina—especially the finish."

"And it's just lovely, father!"

"But I thought you and your mother had decided to do that reception-room up in mahogany?"

This produced a momentary shock. Rosina was the first to recover. She said: "Well, you see, father——"

"Yes, I see, Rosina. You have changed your minds. You are going to match things with the piano now. A week ago you were matching everything with the wall-paper design."

"Don't interrupt him, Rosina."

"Well, go on with your story, then, Fanny. You found a piano, and it was *marked* one thousand dollars. Continue."

Rosina said: "We want to know whether you think it advisable to buy it? Mother was quite pleased with it, and I'm sure if you

could just see it—well, you'd fall in love with it, too. It has the most beautiful piece of wood in the cover—so nicely grained, you know, and with the wax finish to bring out the grain."

"My dear daughter, do you mean to say that you expect me to pay a flat thousand for a piano, merely because some middleman has a frivolous fancy for four figures? These piano people, my dear Rosina, slap price cards on their goods in a regular hit-or-miss fashion. There's always a come-back. What cash discount did they offer you?"

Mrs. Doughty said: "You seem to have a very low estimate of our business ability, Rufus."

"The man would surely have told us, had there been a discount. He was a most polite salesman, father."

"Ought to be. Strikes me I could afford a little politeness if I were handling a thousand-dollar line of goods. Why, when I first began to peddle soap at five cents a cake——"

"We know that rigmarole by heart, Rufus. You've traced the relationship between a five-cent cake of peddled soap and everything in the house, from the attic to the ash bin. We are living to-day for greater things than mere soap."

"Yes"—drily—"thousand-dollar pianos, for instance."

"Rosina, since your father seems to object to the piano, we'll decide upon that three-dollar banjo——"

"My dear Fanny, I've been trying for the past half-hour to get some information from you. Answer my last question, and we'll proceed in regular order. What cash discount did the salesman offer you?"

"None."

"He said he was very sorry, father, when we asked him——"

"Enough! The piece of goods that needs any apology isn't the piece of goods you want. Evidently you became weak-kneed about the time the fellow thought of shading his quotations. You deserve to be cheated. All that I have been able to glean from you thus far is that this piano has an attractive case. I'm not buying piano cases."

"I haven't noticed you buying anything, Rufus."

"I suppose," he answered, ignoring her observation, "that you and Rosina went to the piano shop decorated with a half hundred yards of six-dollar silk, and several spools of seven-dollar ribbon, and, naturally, you deceived the man into believing you were rich."

"Is it a disgrace to have money, Rufus?"

"That depends upon whose money it is. It's certainly a disgrace to your business acumen, my dear Fanny, to give a mere shop-keeper an opportunity to take advantage of your vanity for clothes."

"Speaking of clothes, Rosina," Mrs. Doughty said, "that reminds me that you could appliqué lace medallions on that skirt, and——"

"Mrs. Doughty, you are not listening to me! Do you care to discuss this piano project, or are you more interested in aptly frayed skirts and such? Now, what do you know about pianos? All that I have been able to glean from you thus far is that this particular piano has an attractive case, proving that you are not concerned with the piano proper, but, as might be expected, with its clothes. I want to tell you that whenever I bought anything with which I was not entirely familiar, I never blamed the other fellow for swindling me. When I was in business for something beside my health, I used to make two grades of Budwer Soap——"

"You mean *Boudoir*, father."

"No, miss, I mean Budwer, and I made two grades of it. One grade cost me nearly nine cents to make. The other grade cost me three. I used the first for the sample trade, because some of my customers were fool enough to test it with chemicals. I dare say you women folks couldn't have told the difference between the grades."

"But suppose you had been found out?" Rosina asked.

"It isn't everybody that's wise enough to know good soap from bad. And it's the same way with pianos. I don't want to set myself up as a connsyswear—now, don't interrupt, Rosina; I've managed to pull through pretty well with the education I've got—but, as I was going to say, I know music when I hear it, and I can tell when a piano needs tuning. I dare say I couldn't very well be fooled in piano values. This much I'm sure of: I know how to buy goods, and I'll bet a vat-bung that I can buy your thousand dollar piano for *eight hundred dollars*."

A momentary silence ensued. Then Mrs. Doughty observed: "Solomon is playing a return engagement."

Doughty continued complacently: "Now, I'll tell you how we'll manage this thing. Piano people always allow a discount to music teachers; that's just—most music teachers need it. Upon this occasion, Rosina, you will be the music teacher."

"But, father——"

"Don't interrupt. Your mother taught music, Rosina, long before you happened in to gladden our existence. She taught the *jews-harp*——"

"No, no, Rufus," his wife expostulated; "I taught the harp. Just plain harp; not *jews-harp*. That's something entirely dif——"

"It was just a plain second-hand harp, I admit, but I wanted to distinguish it. I couldn't very well call it a Gentile harp, because, if you recall, your dear old father and I went together to Rosen-

stein's to get it for you, two years before we married. And, as I say, Rosina, your mother used to teach music. One piece I recall in particular—because your mother was more fond of it than any of our neighbors—was 'The Maiden's Prayer.' That 'Maiden' must have committed some terrible sins in her life, judging by the quantity of penance she did under your mother's direction——"

"You are digressing, Rufus."

"So I am. Well, somewhere up-stairs I have one of your mother's professional cards, Rosina, all neatly wrapped in tissue paper. I've kept it as a souvenir of our courting days. I often look at it and think of pretty Fanny Forney——"

"You are wandering again, Rufus."

"Anyhow, the point is this: we shall go down to see Mr. Salesman to-morrow morning, bright and early, before his head is entirely clear of the cobwebs of sleep. Rosina will carry the card. At a convenient moment, when your mother and I are not supposed to be looking, Rosina, you slip the card into Mr. Salesman's hand. If he smiles at you pleasantly, all well and good. A pleasant smile at that juncture means a discount of ten per cent. If he doesn't exercise his face—well, just give us the tip, and we'll go elsewhere. Only, be sure to get the card back, as it is the only one I have. We have to our advantage the fact of a very keen competition in the piano trade. Now, after you've paved the way for me, Rosina, I'll take full charge of the buying, in which, understand, there is to be no interference."

"Why should we wait till to-morrow morning?" Rosina asked.

"True, why should we? If you and your mother care to dress again, I'll 'phone over to the garridge and have the bubble wagon here by the time you're ready. I'll don my silk seersucker and load up with choice conversation for Mr. Salesman. By the by, where is this piano place?"

"It is called 'Miner's Metropolitan Music Market,'" Rosina volunteered.

At first Doughty sniffed. "Big name for a small house. That's the general habit. Little fellows like to make themselves topheavy." Then he hesitated. "Miner's," he repeated. "Miner's."

"Miner's Metropolitan——" Rosina began.

"What sort of a looking fellow is he, Rosina?"

"Short, stout, small blond mustache, round, full face, bald, pleasant-spoken, quick in his movements——"

"Phil Miner—or my name isn't Doughty!"

"Do you know him?" asked his wife.

"Know him? I should say so. Owes me about fifteen hundred for pine lumber. Bought it of us when I was mixed up in that

up-state lumber tract. The account is outlawed now, but, say, I'll take all kinds of delight in doing that fellow up brown. Maybe I won't soak him hard! Miner! Why, he's one of the most unscrupulous white men in shoe leather. Hurry up. I'm anxious to get at him."

While his wife and daughter turned to go up-stairs, Doughty went to the 'phone and called up his garage, and, after donning his coat and hat, paraded the parlor floor impatiently until the ladies had reappeared.

"You see," he explained, as they climbed into the touring car, "this fellow Miner doesn't know that I was in any way connected with the Lancaster Lumber Company. Did I say I'd get that piano for eight hundred? Better make it seven!"

As the automobile threaded its way between the vehicles and cars en route to Piano Row, Doughty was too occupied with bitter reminiscences, and the planning of his immediate campaign of revenge, to talk. He did not even offer his usual objection to the discussion of gowns in which his wife and daughter were indulging. From time to time he hummed snatches of song. At last the opportunity had come when he might convince his own family that the semi-inactivity of his retirement had in no wise corroded the machinery of his mind. Like a veteran soldier, he scented smoke and was eager for the fray.

"Ah, here we are," said Mrs. Doughty, as the chauffeur stopped the car.

The trio alighted, Doughty holding open the door of the touring car and closing it with a resounding noise as his wife and daughter preceded him into the shop.

When Doughty himself joined them, they were in conversation with a salesman.

Rosina was saying: "You may recall that I brought Mrs. Doughty in this morning to look at a piano. This is Mr. Doughty, Mr. Passmore."

"I recall, Miss—er——" She deftly passed him the card containing her mother's maiden name and former profession. "Miss Forney," he concluded, as he raised his eyes from the card. "And this is Mr. Doughty?" He proffered his hand, which Doughty took perfunctorily.

"Where's the piano, Miss Forney?" he asked.

"This is the instrument, right here," said Mr. Passmore, as he winked slyly at Rosina.

Doughty, who had cautiously observed this action, proceeded at once to business. "So this is the piano, eh? Why, I understood that my wife had selected a very fine instrument."

"That is one of the best in the house, Mr. Doughty. A magnificent case, is it not? We've had some very flattering professional opinions upon this piano, sir. It is somewhat out of our regular line in construction. Our grades run from two hundred up to six, but this was made especially for show purposes, and I question very much whether Mr. Miner will permit me to sell it, despite the fact that I half promised Mrs. Doughty this morning that she could have it at a nominal price."

"Yes," said Doughty indifferently. "This is what they call a 'downright' piano, in contradistinction to the 'upright,' I suppose?"

Mr. Passmore was uncertain whether to laugh or be serious. He tugged at his little mustache and drawled, "Y-e-s."

Doughty examined the price tag. "Kindly translate the code on this, Mr. Salesman—er—never mind. I see you use the word 'Republican.' An r and three n's—that would be one thousand dollars, which is, I take it, your time price."

"Why, I told you last night, Rufus——"

"I'm bargaining for this, Mrs. Doughty. Now, Mr. Salesman, let's roll up our sleeves and get right down to business. I want your rock bottom quotation."

"Mr. Doughty"—in the soft, well-modulated voice of Mr. Passmore—"on time, we charge eleven hundred for that piano."

"For that piece of soiled goods? Why, the case is all scratched up. Look at it!"

The quartet examined some insignificant marks upon the lid.

"But listen to the tone of it, Mr. Doughty, and I think you will agree that the price is extremely low."

Mr. Passmore, somewhat at sea in the cataloguing of his customer, ventured "The Campbells Are Coming" and then "The Old Folks at Home," but Doughty was not to be put off.

"We did not come to hear an exhibition of playing, Mr. Salesman. We are quite willing to accept Miss Forney's word for the excellence of the tone. If Mr. Miner will consider those scratches worth a hundred dollars, I'll come right down to business with you."

Mr. Passmore hesitated, then, excusing himself, he entered the elevator, was lifted to the fourth floor, discussed the weather with the elevator-man for five minutes or so, and returned to say:

"One hundred dollars is an over-estimate of so slight a damage, Mr. Doughty. Now, twenty-five dollars——"

"I said one hundred, Mr. Salesman. Do you want to sell me that piano, or don't you care a da——"

"Rufus!"

"Well, this dawdling business provokes me. Make it nine hun-

dred, Mr. Salesman, and be quick. I haven't time to loaf here for the balance of the afternoon."

"We would lose money on it at that figure, Mr. Doughty."

"What's this other piano worth? Looks just like this one."

"Oh, no; there's quite a difference, Mr. Doughty. That's a much cheaper instrument. We sell those for six hundred."

"Looks just like this one."

"All the difference in the world, Mr. Doughty. Not so much in the cases, I admit——"

"They're exactly alike."

"In appearance, but not in quality. The tone and action are much inferior. I'll tell you what I'll do, on my own responsibility. I'll let you have this piano at your own figure."

"Nine hundred, eh? But, before we get away from this six hundred dollar piano, Mr. Salesman, what is the purpose in making two pianos so nearly alike in appearance and so different in price?"

"Some people buy a piano for its case, Mr. Doughty, so we have imitated this thousand dollar instrument in our six hundred dollar grade."

"I see. Where is Mr. Miner? Tell him Rufus Doughty wants to speak to him. Here's my card."

Mr. Passmore scented trouble, but took the card and went in search of his employer.

"Aren't you afraid he'll recognize you?" Rosina ventured.

"Not a bit. He won't know me from a bunch of beets."

"Why bunch them?"

"That will do for the present, Mrs. Doughty."

"If you're not satisfied with the man's price, why don't you go elsewhere?"

"I wouldn't miss this chance to get even with Miner for a mint of money. Ah, here he comes."

Rosina bit her lip nervously. "Don't make a scene, father."

"Rosina, I'm not your father! You are merely Fanny Forney, music teacher, hanging around, waiting for your ten per cent."

Mr. Miner approached the trio, smiling pleasantly. Behind him came Mr. Passmore, wearing a worried look.

"What may I do for you, my friends?" Mr. Miner said suavely.

"You may sell us a piano—if you can. Now, I want a piano to be used in my reception-room. Two houses have already offered to present me with an instrument, for the sake of the advertisement it would be to them. I won't give you a chance to insult me that way. I'll pay you for what I get. I'd rather have a Richtone than any other make. Your salesman tells me that you want nine hundred dollars for this, which is, as you surely must admit, too much money."

The ladies were occupied in examining the other pianos nearby. "Now, let's be frank, Mr. Miner. I'll give you seven hundred for this piano. Close at once or shut me out."

Mr. Miner smiled negatively. "I'll tell you what we will do for you, Mr. Doughty. We'll knock off one hundred dollars."

"Here's my final proposition, Mr. Miner. You have a green silk cover made for this instrument, with the word 'Richtone' worked on it in yellow. How's that for clever advertising? And I'll give you seven hundred, even, for it."

Mr. Miner frowned, pretended to calculate, and then examined the piano carefully. "It's a mighty fine instrument, Mr. Doughty. It was one of our exhibition pianos at St. Louis. We have a new sounding board here that cost us to make——"

"In other words, Mr. Miner, you are virtually trying to sell me a second-hand piano at a first-hand price. This piano has been knocked around freight cars, been played on by every Tom, Dick, and Harry at the exposition, and then you would let me pay you seven hundred dollars for it. It's ridiculous. Come, ladies."

"One moment, Mr. Doughty. I'll admit frankly that I would like to have this piano in your reception-room, and I'll accept your proposition about the cover. It's good, clean advertising, and it's worth considerable to us. In view of that, we will let you have this piano at your own figure—seven hundred."

"Done! Pen and ink, please." He drew two long books from his pocket. Mr. Miner passed over his fountain pen, and watched him write a check.

"Seven, I said."

"I know," said Doughty as he tendered his check.

"But you've made a mistake. This calls for five hundred."

"I'll give you a thirty day note for the balance. You said nothing about a cash settlement. Any bank'll discount my paper. I'll make the note payable at my own."

After sparring a few minutes longer, Mr. Miner graciously accepted the note and check, wrote his receipt, and the Doughtys passed out of the store.

As the car started away, Mrs. Doughty said: "Well, I never believed it was possible that you, Rufus Doughty——"

"Could beat a man at his own game? Then, you've learned a thing or two."

"And you really got the piano for seven hundred, father?"

"Not a bit of it, Rosina—as your mother would probably explain if she had time. I got it for about six hundred. I'll go in to-morrow, after Rosina has collected her ten per cent. of the selling price, which is seventy dollars—and I'll see that she gets it, all right

—and I'll have him throw off five per cent. of that two-hundred dollar-thirty-day-note of mine—say, ten dollars off for cash. That'll make the final cost six hundred and twenty. And, Rosina, perhaps you and your mother can have that green silk cover made over into a Sunday dress for Maggie, the cook."

Mrs. Doughty said nothing, but a grave suspicion began to haunt her mind. Of this she said nothing until a week or so after the piano had been paid for and was in Rosina's reception-room. Then she said to Rosina, while Doughty was away: "A strange thing occurred at the piano rooms the day we went there with your father. You recall there were two pianos exactly alike in case, and one was valued at six hundred? We've got the six hundred dollar piano."

"How do you know?"

"See this little scratch on the key-board? I remember, now, noticing that at the time; and it was on the cheaper instrument. Of that I'm positive."

"Well, we'll send it right back! The idea——"

"No, Rosina. It's the punishment of Providence. Did your father suppose that he would not be made to suffer for making his two grades of 'Budwer soap,' as he calls it? We've got as good a piano as we need. We'll say no more about it until it is too late to think of returning it, and then, some night, when we want amusement, we'll explain the law of justice to a man who pretends he doesn't believe in it."

"And he'll probably say he knew the whole thing right along."

"Which need not convince us in the least."



EPITHALAMIUM

BY CLARENCE URMY

A LITTLE silver crucifix
Hangs on my chamber wall.
Before it stand two candlesticks,
With tapers white and tall.

Between the candlesticks a bowl
Of alabaster lies;
Within its depths a tiny scroll
Meant but for your dear eyes.

And you will come some day, some night,
And read the scroll, and we
Will light the tapers tall and white,
And Love the priest shall be!

SHALL WE BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?

Spectral evidences up to date considered from the scientific viewpoint

By René Bache

DEEP down in the heart of man there abides a firm belief in the power of the dead to walk upon the earth, and affright, if such be their pleasure, the souls of the living. Wise folks, versed in the sciences and fortified in mind against faith in aught that savors of the supernatural, laugh ideas of the kind to scorn; yet hardly one of them will dare to walk alone through a graveyard in the night. Or, if one be found so bold, he will surely hasten his footsteps, unable wholly to subdue the fear of sheeted spectres which may rise from the grass-grown graves, or emerge from moon-lit tombs, and follow on. For, strangely enough, the dead, if not actually hostile to the living, are esteemed dangerous and dreadful to encounter.

It used to be the fashion to sweep away all such notions by saying that they had their origin in the childhood of the race, and that they sprang from fear of the unknown. This, unquestionably, was the easiest way to dispose of them, but was it fair? The subject possesses intense interest for a great majority of mankind, and, though the existence of ghosts is unproved, there is undeniably a vast deal of testimony in their behalf that deserves serious and respectful consideration. Fortunately, within the last few years the attitude of science toward the problem has altogether changed, and, actuated by a new spirit of inquiry, the wise men have been engaged, thoughtfully and without prejudice, in studying it out.

While it cannot be said that any final and definite conclusions have as yet been reached, an immense amount of evidence has been sifted—enough to show pretty conclusively, for one point, that the traditional spectre of the Cock Lane school, with clanking chain and attributes disagreeably suggestive of the grave, has no basis in fact. On the other hand, there are certain phantoms, altogether different in their characteristics, in whose behalf a mass of testimony is

adduced far greater than would be required to establish complete proof in any ordinary case in a court of law. Nothing short of absolute demonstration in such a matter can be satisfactory, but the evidence in question certainly staggers incredulity.

The phantoms to which this remark especially applies are of the kind commonly known as "death wraiths," which give warning of tragic occurrences. There seems to be scarcely a family whose annals do not contain at least one incident of the sort, where information of the sudden demise of a near relative has been conveyed by an apparition of the person concerned at the very hour of the fatal mishap. Thus (if a multitude of such stories, well authenticated, be held credible) a mother may behold the spectre of her drowning son, drenched and imploring, though he is perishing at a distance of a thousand miles, and news of her loss may not reach her through the mail until days or weeks have elapsed. Or a man may receive in similar fashion intelligence of the death of a beloved sister. The plot of Dumas's famous novel, "The Corsican Brothers," revolves about such a ghostly happening.



When nineteen out of every twenty of the thousands of ghost stories of all kinds offered in evidence have been thrown out, and from what remains the few thoroughly well authenticated ones are selected, it is found that the descriptions of the phantoms alleged to have been seen exhibit a remarkable agreement in respect to their main characteristics. In nearly every instance the spectre has the appearance of being clothed, not in a winding sheet, but in every-day habiliments, such as the original wore in life. Occasionally it seems to be clad in a night-robe. It is as likely to appear in the daytime as at night, having no preference for the "mysterious stroke of twelve." Rarely does it show what might be termed signs of life, and still more seldom is there any obvious purpose in its actions. Almost never does it speak, and it anxiously avoids contact with human beings.

Most striking of all, however, according to the testimony of numerous conscientious persons, is the likeness of the ghosts they have met to magic-lantern pictures. The comparison is used so frequently as to lend much strength to the evidence in behalf of the phantoms. Like figures thrown upon a magic-lantern screen, they appear unsubstantial, and their locomotion is accomplished not by the use of their limbs, but by gliding. Occasionally they are self-luminous, but in a great majority of instances they look enough like ordinary people to be mistaken at first glance for living beings, and

often they have enough of the seeming of solidity to conceal objects behind them. They never remain visible for more than a few moments, presently vanishing through a door or wall, fading away in a shadowy mist, or, in rare cases, disappearing perpendicularly, as if falling through a trap-door.

Here, then, if we are to entertain any faith whatever in such phenomena, is the ghost of fact, as opposed to the phantom of fiction—the highly-conventionalized and corpse-like apparition of accepted tradition, which enters by preference at stroke of midnight, dressed in a winding sheet, smelling of the grave, and dragging a clanking chain, while the candles burn blue and the dogs howl dismally. This type of spectre must henceforth be dismissed as impossible and non-existent. If phantom of any kind there be, its description in a general way has been, at all events, secured. More than that could hardly be expected, inasmuch as ghosts are in their very nature elusive, and the scientific investigator must needs be more than ordinarily clever if he would capture a specimen and subject it to anatomical investigation.



The most distinguished student of phantasmology this country has ever known was Dr. Elliott Coues, a scientist of highest reputation, who died in December, 1899. It was the privilege of the writer to be admitted in some degree to the intimacy of this remarkable man, who loved on occasions to talk to an appreciative listener on the subject of apparitions, which were his pet hobby. One Sunday afternoon, in conversation over a cup of tea, and with an occasional puff at a corn-cob pipe which he had filled from a lidless human skull that served him as a tobacco-box, he said:

"Ghosts, if they exist at all, must surely be made of something. My belief is that they are in a sense substantial and possess a semi-material structure. If you ask what I mean by 'semi-material,' I will refer for illustration to the ether which is understood to occupy all space. It has waves of known lengths and measured velocities, which strike upon the retina of the eye and produce impressions of light. We know a good deal about this ether, but nobody ever saw a particle of it, inasmuch as it has not the molecular constitution of ordinary matter. It is semi-material. I have no notion of the nature of the substance that makes a ghost, but I suppose that when a man dies it separates itself from the grosser particles which compose his physical organism. The latter decomposes, but the spiritual part of the individual does not necessarily share that fate, being of finer stuff."

Dr. Coues believed in ghosts as firmly as he did in tangible things, such as houses or horse-cars. He had seen them on a number of occasions. If he was crazy on this one subject, no lack of sanity appeared in his conversation when he discussed it. In his view, a phantom was simply another name for the soul of a person, which, even while the owner was alive, might occasionally wander abroad and appear visibly to other people. Under certain circumstances, indeed, the simulacrum might in this way give notice of the sudden death of its original, playing the part of a "death wraith."

The body of every human being, according to Dr. Coues' theory, is tenanted by a ghost, which, when it leaves the house of flesh, at death, may perhaps continue to be the vehicle of conscious will, memory, and understanding. Spectres rarely present themselves to our vision, but may this not be due to a defect of acuteness in our perceptive faculties? Possibly it is only the very exceptional phantom that shows itself to the living. May it not be that all around us are unseen multitudes of the dead? The room in which we sit alone may be crowded with departed friends, and the apparently deserted thoroughfare may be thronged with invisible beings.

It is this idea that gives vitality to the delusions of the Spiritists. We know that their mediums are cheats, that the ghosts they pretend to summon are fraudulent; but, acknowledging this, the mystery remains. Thirty thousand people, it is reckoned, have died on the earth for every human being now alive. What has become of them all? If they all preserve a species of existence after death, we survivors are a comparative few, passing a brief term of years of what we call life in the flesh amid a vast, impalpable swarm of creatures incorporeal.

Without attempting to give an answer to these startling questions, we fall back upon the assertion that a ghost belongs to the category of things naturally incredible. Notwithstanding the subconscious faith that all of us have in the possibility of phantoms, our reason refuses to accept them without proof much stronger and more conclusive than we should demand for the establishment of an everyday fact. So extreme is our reluctance to believe in such phenomena that the average man of education, if he saw a spectre with his own eyes, would, on referring the matter to his judgment, prefer to regard the apparition as an illusion, rather than accept it as a supernatural manifestation. The chances are, too, that he would be correct, inasmuch as hallucinations of vision are undeniably frequent.

On the other hand, there is a great deal of evidence in behalf of the ghosts which cannot so easily be thrown aside. In many instances two or more credible witnesses have beheld, according to their sworn statements, the same phenomena simultaneously; and,

where spectres of the "death wraith" species are concerned, the testimony in hundreds of instances is so circumstantial and so well authenticated—especially as regards the fulfilment of the warnings thus conveyed—as to be bothersome to the supporters of the anti-phantom argument.

Our fear of phantoms appears to spring from a dread of the unknown, the mysterious, and the intangible. That it is a groundless terror is proven by the fact that in many thousands of cases of alleged spectral appearances subjected during the last few years to painstaking investigation, not a single instance has been found in which an injury was inflicted by the ghost upon the person or persons to whom it presented itself. So that, even if we are to accept apparitions as veritable, we ought to regard them with curiosity rather than with apprehension; and, instead of trying to avoid such supernatural visitors, we should eagerly seek an opportunity to be haunted, for the sake of observing for ourselves phenomena so intensely interesting.



Ghosts are so extremely ancient that it is surprising how little is known about them with definite accuracy. The people of old, who dwelt in caves and were on social terms with the woolly rhinoceros, were doubtless well acquainted with them. And even to-day the savage looks upon his shadow as a kind of spectre; while to him an echo is the voice of a spirit, which repeats his words mockingly.

On the field of the famous fight of Wounded Knee, which some have called a massacre, there was picked up an Indian baby not more than three months old. General Colby adopted the child, to whom the name Zintka Lanuni (Lost Bird) was given, and reared her as his daughter. Although the little girl, who is now grown almost to womanhood, neither knows nor remembers any conditions other than those of civilization, she has evinced one very notable inherited trait—namely, a fear of shadows. She used to be afraid even of her own shadow.

Doubtless our fear of ghosts is one of the most ancient of our inheritances, coming down to us from a period when the most primitive of our ancestors looked upon the whole of their environment as a mere disguise for the "noumena"—mysterious actuating agencies—behind. It is in this light that the savage of to-day views the phenomena of nature, his imagination peopling the forests with supernatural beings, and furnishing forth a host of hobgoblins of varied powers and attributes to inhabit the rocks and streams, to govern the rain and wind, and to operate the entire machinery controlling mundane affairs.

Many people have been haunted by spectres whose hallucinatory character they themselves have recognized. The famous Earl Grey was habitually troubled by the apparition of a head; and everybody has heard of the little old woman in red, with a peaked hat, who was the constant companion of the scholar Porson. When he wrote she would sit on a chair and look at him, and when he went out walking she would march along a few steps in advance. Now and then he would poke his stick through her, just to convince himself that she was not real.

Not long ago there was an artist in Chelsea, Massachusetts, who, during three years' tenancy of a studio in that town, beheld on more than a hundred occasions, in broad daylight, a phantom so lifelike and distinct to the view that he succeeded in making a portrait of it. The likeness thus produced represented a young man about twenty-five years old, with the right arm torn away from the shoulder, and a strangely mournful, pleading expression in the eyes. In all probability the figure was simply a hallucination, but the painter fully convinced a committee of the Society for Psychical Research of his belief in the verity of the apparition.



Of all the varied species of ghostly phenomena, none is more interesting than the kind which involves the setting of what might be termed a spectral stage scene, with an unsubstantial but realistic background for the phantoms that take part in the performance. Of such a character was the apparitional group encountered, a dozen years ago, by two gentlemen travelling at night in a carriage over unfrequented roads in western Pennsylvania. It was Christmas Eve, and a heavy fall of snow so obliterated landmarks as to cause them to lose their way, the mistake made in taking the wrong turn at a crossroads being only discovered on arriving at a house so brilliantly lighted up as to suggest festivities within. One of the wayfarers walked up to the door and asked for the master of the house, who, coming out to meet him, invited him to enter; and, when he declined, a servant was sent with him to conduct the carriage into the right road. Having performed this task, the man mysteriously vanished; and, on reaching their destination, the travellers learned that no house now stood in the place they described. There had been a house, but it had been torn down after a terrible murder which had been committed there on Christmas Eve, many years before.

The travellers were so interested in the matter that on the following day they went back to the scene of their adventure; but,

though they found in the snow the wheel-marks of their carriage leading up to the place where the door of the house had been, no sign of a house was there. It had vanished absolutely.

An experience wherein phantoms presented themselves to view in prodigious numbers simultaneously is related by a young lady whose name, at her request, is withheld, the narrative being endorsed by her sister, who was with her at the time. She writes:

"One autumn night my sister and myself, with our maid, were returning from evening service in the village church. There was a thick fog; the moon was full, but it made a sort of steam in the fog, instead of shining brightly. Suddenly I saw a man at my sister's side, who had come there without making a sound. I pulled her sleeve, whispering, 'Let the man pass.' As I spoke the man disappeared. In another moment we were all bewildered at the sight around us. It was as if we were in a crowded street, innumerable figures surrounding us. Men, women, and children were moving briskly about, some singly, others in groups, but all without a sound. Some seemed to rise out of the grass on either side of us, others to pass through us and to come out on the other side. The women were dressed in bygone fashion, with high bonnets and shawls, and large flounces on their dresses. There was one very tall man who took great strides, though perfectly noiseless; he wore a kind of cape. We approached our own gate, where we should turn in, and then we had a long driveway to walk up before we could reach the house. I think that by the time we had reached the gate all the figures had disappeared except this one tall man. He had quite a different look from any of the others—more horrible altogether. As we entered our gate, to our intense relief, he passed by along the road and vanished. Of course we were all very much frightened. The maid and my sister were crying aloud."

In a case like this, where the same spectral phenomena are witnessed by several persons, the value of the testimony, obviously, is multiplied a hundredfold. For, while one individual may be the victim of a hallucination, such an illusion can hardly be shared by many. What, then, is to be said in answer to such evidence, furnished by deponents of unimpeachable character and reputation for truthfulness? To suppose that they are combining in the manufacture of a lie is scarcely reasonable.



A first-rate example of the well-authenticated ghost story is furnished by Miss R. C. Morton, an Englishwoman of scientific training, who, in November, 1883, occupied, with her parents, a brother, and three sisters, a house in the suburbs of London. One

night, while preparing for bed, she heard some one at the door, and, opening it, saw a tall lady in black standing at the head of the stairs, her face hidden in a handkerchief which she held in her right hand. Almost immediately the figure faded from sight, but afterwards it was seen by several other members of the family, and one day it came into the drawing-room when Miss Morton was there.

"I went up to her," writes Miss Morton, "and asked if I could help her. I thought she was going to speak, but she only gave a slight gasp and moved toward the door. She glided out into the hall, and all at once disappeared. On other occasions I attempted to touch her, but she always eluded me. It was not that there was nothing to touch, but that she always seemed to be beyond me, and, if I followed her into a corner, simply vanished. On one occasion our charwoman saw the figure in the hall, and until it suddenly disappeared she thought it was a lady visitor. From that time on, it gradually became less distinct. At all times it intercepted the light. On several occasions I fastened strings across the stairs at various heights before going to bed, and twice I saw the figure pass through the cords, leaving them intact. Repeatedly I followed it into a corner and tried to pounce upon it, but never succeeded in touching it. We have strong reason for believing that the apparition was seen by two dogs, which exhibited signs of terror otherwise unaccountable."

When it is understood that Miss Morton's story is endorsed by six members of her family, who relate experiences wholly similar, the testimony in this case must be admitted to possess too substantial a value to be thrown aside carelessly. As for the lady in black—granting that the narrator was not mistaken about the phantom, and that its characteristics were as she describes them—what are we to suppose the nature of the spectral figure to have been? To conceal objects, it must have been at least quasi-substantial; and yet how so, if it could vanish in an instant into nothingness? The remark about the dogs is interesting, if only for the reason that such animals, as well as cats and horses (if we are to put faith in many seemingly well-authenticated stories), do commonly exhibit, in the presence of such phenomena, every symptom of extreme dread.

Testimony in regard to warnings conveyed by ghosts is so plentiful—nearly every family having some story of the kind to tell—that it would be accepted, in the aggregate, as thoroughly convincing if it did not relate to matters supernatural. In her "Memoirs," Georgiana, Lady Chatterton, describes an occurrence of the kind, saying:

"I went to bed early, leaving my mother in the drawing-room in excellent spirits. When I awoke the moon was shining brightly into the room, and on the white curtains of my bed I saw, as if depicted there, the figure of my mother—the face deadly pale, with

blood flowing on the bedclothes. For a moment I lay horror-stricken, until, thinking it might be a dream, I raised myself up and touched the curtain. Still the appearance remained, as if reflected by a magic lantern, though the curtain on which it was depicted moved to and fro when I touched it. In great terror I got up and ran through a long passage to my mother's room. When I entered, I found her lying just as I had seen her on the curtain, pale as death, and the sheet covered with blood. Two doctors were standing by the bedside. 'She has been very ill,' said one of them, 'but I trust all danger is over now.'

Lady Chatterton's narrative is worth quoting for several reasons. In the first place, the phantom, while exceptionally vivid, was a typical "death wraith"—though in this instance the person represented did not actually die. Secondly, there is interest in the circumstance that the eidolon, or image, was "projected" while the original was alive. And finally, the description of the spectre as resembling a picture thrown by a magic lantern agrees surprisingly with accounts given by many other observers of similar apparitions which they believe they have beheld.

One of the oldest and most respectable types of ghost is the banshee, which may be regarded as a near relative of the "death wraith," inasmuch as it gives warning of impending death by uttering lamentable wails. Some families take great pride in the possession of such "spooks," a good example of which is described by Mrs. Levey, of No. 7 Castle Terrace, London, who writes:

"The night when my mother lay dying was one of great rain. At about nine o'clock there came a fearful wail of a woman's voice, as if swaying to and fro past the windows. I ran to the window, but no human being could be there, as the room was two flights up and no houses near. She died at 10:30 P. M. My father and family sat at dinner on the evening of February 4, 1868, when the same fearful cry or wail filled our house. At eight o'clock next morning my youngest brother died quite suddenly. The same thing happened on my father's death in 1887; likewise on the death of my sister, in 1889, and on the death of another brother in 1890."

This banshee seems to have been rather out of place in London, such wailing ghosts (which are not seen, and cannot therefore be properly termed apparitions) being especially domesticated in Ireland, where they are usually associated with dilapidated castles and an impoverished and long-descended gentry.

Ghosts, however, are notably cosmopolitan. Though species of them may vary, they are found, in one shape or another, in all parts of the world. It must be, then, that (if they have any real existence) these shadow-folk are very numerous. And yet nothing

seems to be definitely understood about them—no more, indeed, than was known thousands of years ago. They are to-day as much a mystery as ever they were, and the region behind the scenes of the living world, in which they are supposed to dwell, remains an undiscovered territory.

Before the explorer who would pursue the untrodden path of knowledge that leads to the mysterious domain of phantoms, endless questions arise, the most interesting of them all being that which concerns the relation of spectral phenomena (if they are to be accepted in any degree as veritable) to the problem of human immortality. Shall we become ghosts when we are dead? And, if so, is it possible to imagine that our condition as such will be a happy one?

But in vain do we try to get a glimpse behind the veil—anxious as we are to peep, if by any means it can be lifted ever so slightly. We are afraid of ghosts—if such things there be—but we are eager to know about them. At the same time, experience has taught us to entertain a profound distrust of anything suggestive of the supernormal, and where spectral apparitions are concerned such weight of evidence is demanded as, in the nature of the case, can hardly be supplied—so long, at all events, as phantoms refuse to exhibit themselves by appointment to “haunted house committees,” or to submit their anatomy (if they have any) to inspection by duly-authorized experts. This is the difficulty which seems chiefly to stand in the way of reaching a final and satisfactory conclusion for or against the mystery beyond the threshold of the Unseen—that undiscovered country which our imagination has populated with beings without structure, yet wearing the likeness of the living. It is in the Land of Ghosts, if anywhere, that these shadowy shapes survive, and the only known trail that leads to it is through the Valley of Death.



MEMORIAL DAY

BY MARGARET ROOT GARVIN

ON their swords the red rust,
On their graves the red roses:
Like old Hate, turned to dust,
On their swords the red rust,
While Love blooms, as it must;
So this day-dawn discloses
On their swords the red rust,
On their graves the red roses.

SADIE OF THE KIND EYES

By Minna Thomas Antrim

"**B**UT," said Sadie, "I never did see a real clown. I never did see any except on fences—paper clowns."

Don sighed. That she should have seen and possessed so little, whilst he, a boy, with two straight legs and no bad back, should have been to the circus twice, and have a play-room filled with toys, hurt him. Why, he wondered, should he be so dowered and Sadie so forlorn? Into her sunny face he looked, marvelling at its brightness. Her eyes, wells of soul-beauty, fascinated him.

"Never did see no clown at all? Nor bare-back ladies 'at wide 'thout no saddles?"

To Don, Sadie's deprivation in respect to circuses seemed to epitomize her hard luck.

"I never did see any circus ladies—nor clowns," she repeated, the while holding up three gorgeous leaves for Don's admiration. Too full of his subject was he to notice—leaves.

"Tell me 'bout 'em," Sadie urged; "tell me all 'bout the clowns and riding ladies." She drew her poor little body closer to the tree under which they were seated. "Now," she said brightly, "begin."

But Don was not quite ready to commence the glittering tale. He whipped off his small jacket and, rolling it up cushion-wise, placed it between the tree and the hollow of Sadie's back.

"Dere," he said tenderly; "now you can hark better."

Sadie cuddled comfortably, and Don, throwing his sturdy body down upon the bed of leaves that he had scraped together for Sadie, began.

As his tale unfolded, Sadie—"Sadie of the Kind Eyes"—leaned forward the better to drink in the enchantment of tent and ring.

Dear little wayfarer! Incurably afflicted, yet a veritable Merry-Heart. Sadie's seven years had been spent among those whose lives were but work-driven itineraries from the Door of Life to their predestined bit of ground in which to sleep, perchance to dream. But over Sadie passed all shadows lightly. If her yesterday's bread lacked butter, she was thankful that, unlike poorer children, even bread was not also denied to her.

When her aunt—an elderly seamstress with whom she had lived

up to her fifth year—died, she became an inmate of the Home for Crippled Children, where her joyous spirit worked better magic than medicine for many a sufferer.

In spite of a limited vocabulary, Don was colorfully picturing the never fading glories of circus shreds and patches.

"An'," continued he, hurrying on, "de clown was all floury, wiv red and blue streaks, an' he sayed such funny fings 'at maked the seats shake."

"Seats?"

Don nodded. "'Way high up ones, wiv grass-plats underneaf 'em. W'en you 're up your head 'most touches de top. I was n't up. 'Fore you go in—outside—dere's cages, en el'phants, en g'rillas, en hip-potamuses, en monkeys, en——"

"Big bears?"

"Yes, en little bears—teeny ones."

"An' middlin' size ones?"

Don stopped. "No," he said, with serious fidelity to truth; "'cept but free—one big bear en two baby ones. Dere was n't any more bears, but dere was——"

"Horses with long tails?"

"Horses!" exclaimed Don. "Fousens an' fousens of 'em, all dressed up like ladies——"

"In velvet?" breathed Sadie awesomely.

"Yes," nodded the tale-weaver, to whom all fabrics looked alike, "an' gold dingle-dangles 'at hanged down." Suddenly Don stopped, his eyes holding Sadie's. "Did n't you never see no p'rade?" he asked.

Alas, Sadie had never seen a parade, her infirmities and the location of her home prohibiting.

"No," she said, a bit wistfully; "not yet; but"—cheerfully—"I've seen a Salvation Army wagon."

Don's face saddened, but he kept on tactfully. "De horses run 'bout and dance like iss—look!" He cavorted about as gracefully as might be among the leaves.

"Den the big horses go dis way"—Don trumpeted loudly. "Den de fairy tween's ladies, some wiv dold trowns, tome in and jumped up on dere horses' backs; one lady 'at had hair like Muvver's, 'thout no gentleman puttin' out his hand, jumped up on her horse, den round and round she rided and jumped froo paper hoops, till it maked me all dizzy."

Sadie's wonder found no verbal expression. "What do the fairy queen ladies that ride bare-back wear?" she asked presently.

Don looked perplexed. Chiffons, save upon his adorable young mother and her friends who came out to see her from town, were things far apart from Don, therefore he frowned. "I—I did n't look—ve'wy

hard," he said. "'Cept petticoats like Effel wears, 'at shakes w'en dey are jes' on fresh, de circus ladies did n't wear nothin'."

"Maybe they 're poor," suggested Sadie, her utterance born of deeper knowledge than Don's.

"Maybe," he acquiesced thoughtfully. "I fink so, 'cause Keif telled me 'at dey was n't little girls—I fink dey was—but mammas—some of 'em gwanmammas."

"And they weared little girls' frocks—short ones?"

"Not fwocks, Sadie, only but petticoats," corrected Don, who was an accurate child.

"Poor ladies!" sighed Sadie. "I 'spects velvet frocks takes too much money. It takes much stuff for long trails like your mamma wears. Oh, Don, she is the beautifulest lady in the whole world!"

"My mamma?"

"Yes," nodded Sadie, almost reverently. "She telled the minister's wife, Mis' Brooks, that she wanted to borrow me, to stay at your house two whole weeks, till it's time to go back to the Home."

Don's eyes glowed. "Two whole weeks?" he repeated ecstatically.

As they talked, a hoary old squirrel that Don knew well and called "Dreybeard" blinked down upon them knowingly. Just for fun, he stole far out upon a branch laden heavily with walnuts, and sent a couple into Sadie's lap. Not satisfied, he hit Don on the head with two more, which broke up the circus recital, and for a time they spoke of and to Greybeard, who listened and blinked in glee.

"Don't Ethel come over to see you any more?" asked Sadie then.

Don looked toward the big white house across the way, where dwelt his erstwhile "sweetheart." The vista was long, but Don's vision was perfect.

"Effel's mad wiv me," he said, with that calmness that is hand-maiden to Disillusion.

Sadie stared. How could Don take Ethel's displeasure so!

"'Cause I don't love her best any more," explained Don.

"Oh, do, do love her best, Don!" exclaimed Sadie. "She is so—Oh, look, look! There she comes! She's comin' over!" Sadie cried excitedly.

Ethel was indeed coming over, and with no lagging footsteps. Directly across the road toward Don's happy hunting grounds she was speeding. Entering, and looking like a flower, she swiftly ran across the lawn into the orchard, then through into the woods where she and Don had spent so many hours, just as he and this interloper were evidently doing. The sight was intolerable to her. From her own home she had watched the two for hours.

Don rose. He was upon his own domain and Ethel his guest, therefore he indicated the only seat available.

Characteristically the new-comer began.

"Pears," said she, ignoring both Sadie's presence and Don's courtesy, "you don't want me over here no more." Then, with slow-coming finality: "You want—*her*?"

When verity and courtesy clash, even the elders are confounded. At five diplomacy is a slow-growing product. To lie Don was afraid—his religious training forbade it. To tell the simple truth he felt might have unpleasing results. He abhorred a scene, being a trousered creature. That not only words of wisdom come out of the mouths of babes, Ethel had long ago taught him. Indeed, full well he knew how wrathful she could be when thwarted. The jealous Feminine Eye confronted him. So, as had his forebears, Don hedged. Tact, inborn, however, assisted him to careful phrasing.

"We can all be here," he said, quite gaily.

"Thout she goes, I won't stay," snapped the aggressor.

Sadie reached for her crutch nervously. Unfortunately for Ethel's peace of mind, Don saw this, and the wounded look in Sadie's tender eyes.

"Sadie won't go, 'tause she's a-doin' to stay at our house two whole weeks—two whole weeks," he repeated joyously.

Like a whip Ethel's protest smote the air. "She shan't, she shan't stay, Don Maddock!" she cried, flaming rage drying the tears as they welled. "She must do away, she *s'all* do——"

"An' w'en I am a big man," continued Don calmly, "I'm a-doin' to ma'wy Sadie." As he spoke, he went over to where his latest love was seated. Her he saw, and for her only he felt. Her, the innocent but well beloved object of Ethel's jealous rage, he would protect at any cost. What mattered anything, any one, save the matchless Sadie?

But the little cripple was watching dark-visaged Grief vanquish Rage.

"You—are—a-doin'—to—ma'wy—her, not—me?"

Was this small, anguished voice Ethel's?

Don stared, startled, appalled. Sadie's heart contracted pitifully. She leaned toward the tiny figure, now shaking with sobs, comfortingly.

"Don's jes' funning!" she exclaimed, laughing contagiously. "Listen, Ethel. I ain't goin' to marry any one. I'm goin' to——"

"What?" asked Ethel eagerly.

"I ain't goin' to grow big, you know, but I'm a-goin' to get older, and then——"

"What?" demanded Ethel sharply, the while flipping away two big tears with silken brushes.

"I'm a-goin' to be 'A Merry Sunshine Maker,'" beamed Sadie. "Doctor says that's what I was born for, to make 'merry sunshine.'" In all seriousness she spoke, and yet she was wholly unconscious of the

blessed meaning or the vast scope of her future vocation. She was smiling winningly into the tear-stained face opposite.

For an instant there was a pause, then Ethel's poise returned.

"'Cept you don't live here," she said coolly, "I ain't quoss wiv you no more. I'll stay." Having forgiven her rival, she very ~~delib-~~erately, and with much sash smoothing, sat down beside her upon that soft, gorgeous bed which Nature had prepared. The hem of her garment touched that of the poor child, but Ethel did not draw it away. When Don would have sat between them, however, the watchful Ethel with great celerity moved closer to the dangerous Sadie.

And Don the while—well, those of us who have lived and loved much, or even been deluded into such fond beliefs, know that almost in the twinkling of an eye can the mind of man be changed, to say naught of woman's. So it happened now. Don was five. At five life began to have a meaning—many meanings. For a year past Don had given much thought to many problems, particularly to matrimony. Three times had he sharply pulled Time's forelock in order to consult him about a possible wife. His first idea was to wed his baby-sister, his junior by four years—that is to say, to wed her in the fulness of time; but after receiving from John the Chauffeur certain worldly arguments against the validity or desirability of such a close alliance, he had turned his eyes toward, and given his heart to, his beautiful neighbor Ethel, who was two years younger than he. His suit prospered; but, alas! sundry eccentricities of temperament had caused Don masculine fright. So, having through the machinations of that notorious old marplot Chance met "Sadie of the Kind Eyes" at a seaside resort, whence she with many other little cripples had gone for the annual outing, love of a better quality assailed him. Thus it came that Sadie supplanted the fiery Ethel in his impressionable heart. To marry Sadie when he was a big man like Keith was his desire, and now—in the aforesaid twinkling of an aforesaid eye—his soul had revolted, since Sadie would never marry. The idea of yoking himself to any woman, when Time's clock should signal "Thy Hour," filled him with distaste. A Benedict's rôle should not be his. That was final. The seductiveness of bachelorhood quickened within him. Had not Keith's bachelor days been glorious? Before his chum became his mother's husband, had "fishin'" ever been conducted under such advantageous circumstances? Had piggy-back not then been always possible? Had they, Don and Keith, not been gloriously, hilariously, chummily happy—aye, without woman and without end?

This metamorphosis of Don takes long in telling, but even while Ethel was moving closer to Sadie Don mapped out his future position regarding these two, and woman in general, when her royal highness should enter his adult life.

Meanwhile, he was five. He looked at Ethel, then at Sadie, with newly focused eyes, and, although she was but a humble Brownie in comparison with the luxury-bred, pink and white creature beside her, more than ever Don felt the appeal of that shrunken form, those pinched features, those merry yet ever kind eyes. Yes, his mind was adamant; he intended to substitute the tangible joy of friendship for the will-o'-the-wisp of love, and who is there among the elders who shall say that he chose not the better part?

It was now that Greybeard, feeling something new in the air, crept out onto another limb, showering down nuts in such abundance that the little ones shouted uproariously, and this relieved the situation. A few moments later some one whistled for Ethel, and so, to Don's joy, he and Sadie were again alone.

For a while they were silent; then—

"I do wish it was time for Baby to wake up," said Sadie, looking longingly toward the nursery windows. "Nurse sayed I could hold her when she waked up."

"Is n't our baby cute?" asked Don. Sadie nodded, maternally. From the time she had possessed a rag doll, whose eyes were coffee beans and whose mouth and ears owed their contour to blue ink, Sadie had been a brooding, happy mother. She of the inky ears and roasted eyes was still as dear to her as the usual child is to the unusual mother, hence the joy that came through seeing and touching this living cherub of Baby-Land was unspeakable to her. For Sadie had really held in her own arms Don's baby sister. Susan herself had permitted it.

"A quoss-patch lady brung her," said Don reminiscently. "She would n't let me tum in. 'Cept Keif did n't take me, I would n't never dot in."

"In?" questioned Sadie.

Don nodded vigorously. "W'en Baby first tummed here," he explained. His mind had reverted with a throb to that miserable time, when, as was his habit, seeking to go in to comfort his poor sick mother, he had been confronted at the head of the stairs by a be-capped person with unwelcoming eyes.

"But," said he, with a sigh of content, "now evwy day I see Baby. Sometimes I sit 'side her quib all mornin', w'en Susan's busy. Was n't it a funny fing 'at Dod sent our baby wiv a quoss-patch lady?" went on Don, whom this fact had never ceased to puzzle.

Sadie nodded. Several times before had Don spoken to her of Baby's arrival. "Sometimes," said she, "He drops 'em through the chimbleys. I ast Aunt Mag 'bout 'em onct—she's dead. She got dead a long while ago, long before I went to the Home. She told me that Mis' Clark's little black baby fell through the chimbley."

"Is 'at w'at makes 'em brack?"

Sadie looked puzzled. "I 'spect so," she answered.

Don was looking up toward the chimney. "I'm glad our baby did n't tum down our chimbley. It's head might dot all brokeed."

Sadie sighed thankfully. "I'm glad too," she breathed.

"Did n't you never have no baby at your house?" he asked.

Over the cripple's sunny face a shadow fell and passed swiftly. "No," said she cheerfully; "but up in Heaven I have two little brothers. Aunt Mag she tole me."

"My! 'at's nice!" said Don. How glad he was that his little friend was not utterly brotherless! "I ain't dot any up dere yet," he continued, "but I've dot some farvers in heaven—two, Dod and papa.

"Where's your muvver, Sadie?" Don asked presently.

"Mom's dead."

Don's eyes filled. A motherless world seemed to him impossible.

"She died 'fore I was born," continued Sadie. "Aunt Mag she tole me I was hers, always."

"But jes' fink," said Don brightly, "up in heaven you've dot her, 'sides two little bruvvers, an' I ain't dot even one."

Sadie wrinkled her forehead thoughtfully. "Maybe you have," she said, after a pause.

"Have w'at, Sadie?"

"One little brother in heaven. Maybe God is just keepin' him there till you come up, to esprise you."

"Oh!" said Don. "Maybe I have!"

"Look, Sadie!" cried Don rapturously. "Here tums mamma and Keif."

Down the pathway, laughing like happy children, arm in arm, came a vision of exquisite womanhood, fresh from Sultan's back, and Keith, her husband, clad also in riding togs.

"Was there ever a sweeter picture?" whispered Marion. Keith pressed her closer in sympathy. The crippled child, to whom the Beautiful so intensely appealed, was asking herself precisely the same thing as, with fascinated eyes, she gazed at her radiant young hostess and Don's hero.



THE FIREBRAND

A STORY OF SOUTH RUSSIA

By George Allan England

I.

“SHE was everything that makes a woman beautiful and sets men wild; oh, there were none like Femya in our village! I was her lover, her lover—God forgive me, for she was a witch!

“Arabát, the village was, 'way down in the Crimea—just a few log huts, with houses for the jailer, the *pomyéshchik* (landlord), and the priest. There were a log jail, and a little white church with a tin-covered steeple—so. . . . Toward the north lay the Sea of Azov, shining and beautiful. But the village was not beautiful, nor the people; *they* were rotten, nearly all, rôtten as the Putrid Sea itself, beyond the Tongue of Arabát. The Tongue? Why, *sudar* (sir), that's the strip of land running north from the village, a narrow, barren strip, covered with mud and weeds. On one side the Sea of Azov, on the other the Putrid Sea, all slime and stagnant water and dead reeds. Not even fish live there—only toads and water-snakes and evil spirits. You'll see, you'll see.

“I'm nothing, *sudár*, only a *muzhik*, like my father, my old man; very poor and very ignorant, both of us. We lived in a hut about half a verst out of the village, he and Vasya, my little brother, and I—just one low room without any window, with a dirt floor and a fire in the middle. All we had was that hut and a few tools and our ikon; but the ikon was no good, because holy-oil used to cost half a ruble a bottle, so we could n't keep the lamp burning. Just a few copecks we had, now and then, though we worked and worked till the sweat ran and we ached terribly. Even little Vasya worked; but everything went for taxes or the priest or the holy days, big and little. We were always picked clean, like old bones. But *nyetchevó!* I had love, any way—listen, I'll tell you about that.

“Femya was n't so very poor. She lived with her Uncle Alexis, who owned an ox and lived in a house with stairs, so you see she was well off. Why she loved *me*, with my hard hands and old felt boots and sheepskin jacket, I did n't know at first, but I knew later, woe be on me! Femya had ideas, was very wise. She went to our village

school and learned all the teacher knew, and was not satisfied. Sometimes we would walk out along the Tongue of Arabát, evenings, and talk, and kiss; she called me her Treasure. By the Putrid Sea, along the high clay banks, we never walked, because of the evil spirits among the reeds; but often we went along the Azovskoi Sea, and sometimes the moon rose over it, very big and as red as blood. Blood! You shall see!

"She was a tall girl, Femya was; she had deep eyes, like two wells with a fire at the bottom of each one. She was broad-breasted, and her hair was long, black, clinging, hair that used to fall down to her knees, or lower. And her throat was round and white. The life throbbed in it.

"People used to gossip about us. 'Ho!' they would say. 'Think of Femya going with that Tikhon fellow!' Then they would wink and stick their tongues in their cheeks of tanned leather; but what did we care? It was nobody's business in that little village at the edge of Russia, so far from everywhere that even Bátyushka's police had no station there. Femya's uncle did n't like it, though; and so he sent her away to Kherson, to study. She was glad to learn more, but still she cried the last night we walked together, and all my kisses could not keep her tears from coming.

"Well, she went away. As for me, I stayed with my old man, Grigoria, and the little Vasya, working, working. I remember those long weeks and months, very tedious, with famine near and the taxes always going higher; and then with talk about some war or other off to the east, with some kind of yellow people that everybody said had web-feet. But the time passed, and finally my *dushenka* (little soul) came back to me; and you may not believe it, but in spite of all her learning and all the fine city fellows at Kherson she still cared for me, Tikhon, who labored. And, more than that, she wanted to make me wise, like her.

"'Tikhon,' she'd say—'Tikhon, let me teach thee, show thee how the bishops, the dukes, the Czar, are nothing but robbers, leeches that you all sweat and starve for, pay taxes to, just to keep them rich and fat, so they can bleed you! I will give thee wisdom; we shall all be free! Then thou and I shall marry—we shall fight for truth and better things!' Wonderful for a girl to say, *sudár*? I listened and believed, though with great fear; but when she threw her arms round me and told me how she wanted my strength to help what she called her chosen work; when she kissed me—then I was the happiest *muzhik* in all the Russias.

"Now, *sudár*, it's called a terrible crime to teach us peasant-folk or put the *novich idyéi* into our heads. Only the priest must teach us; he tells us what we must know and do, and, since he speaks constantly

with God, he must be very wise. That's why Femya gave me fear when she talked against religion and taxes and the nobles and poverty and all the other things that the holy father always told us were man's lot and his blessings. But most of all she gave me fear when she laughed at the ikons, called the threats of Hell nothing but old-women's tales. I trembled, yet she seemed to cast a spell over me, so I listened, God pardon me! If she had talked only to me, no harm might have come; but no, she began to think of teaching the others, everybody in the village. So she ventured round, going into the huts and giving the people little papers to read, printed in big letters, very simple and easy. Where the papers came from I never knew, but they said terrible things, such as people must burn, burn, burn in Hell for even thinking!

"Pretty soon this began to get round to Formanski, our *pomyéshchik*, and to Father Apollón, our village priest or pope, and there was great anger. Formanski could have arrested the girl and sent her off to the salt-mines of the Caucasus; but no, he was merciful—for she was of rare beauty, eh? So he only sent for her uncle, and they had a long talk, all one afternoon. Nobody ever knew what was said; all we knew was that the next night Femya was taken away quietly in a *troika* and not allowed to say good-by to any one, not even to me.

"Oi, you don't understand how I felt then! I used to walk along the roads where we had been, thinking, talking to myself at night, waving my fists, shouting. Think, *sudár*—five months without one word from her; nothing but labor and poverty and sweat and tears.

"Femya's papers were mostly all hunted up and burned; Father Apollón preached very hard, till he preached away most of the *novich idyéi*. Things got quiet again; taxes, masses, and everything got all paid up, and everybody kept on being ragged and starved, but very, very religious. The ikon-lamps burned better, those days, in spite of the famine, and holy-oil half a ruble a bottle; small bottles, too, with thick bottoms.

"And then, at the end of those five months, what do you think?

II.

"GRIGORIA and I were sitting on the log bench in our hut one dark, rainy night of early April, tired out, hungry, saying nothing, staring into the fire; little Vasya was sleeping under the sheepskins; everything was quiet, when suddenly somebody knocked at the door. The old man growled and grumbled a little at being disturbed so late; I got up, poked the fire, and went to open the door.

"Somebody—a woman—was standing outside there in the rain. I squinted to see who it was; then the fire blazed up a little, and I saw the woman's face.

"'Femya! What, thou?'

"Hush, Tikhon! Get thy coat and come with me!"

"Go—with—thee? But where? Come thou in, *dúshenka* mine, for the Christ's sake! In! Come thou in!"

"No; come with me," she repeated; but I—what did I do? Ho! I jumped out there and hugged her up tight to me—kissed her, *kissed* her! Nobody ever felt love like my love then.

"Do not so, Tikhon!" she gasped, struggling out of my arms.

"Where wert thou, little dove?" I asked, between kisses.

"Oí, they sent me off to the convent of Sant Georgi, at Starno. I've been a prisoner—they've preached me almost deaf, trying to make me unlearn, give up everything. But I escaped yesterday, walked all the way, through woods and fields, came here. Now hurry! Before morning we can reach Fedosia. We can get away from there somehow, join the Reds at Batúm, go to work in earnest! Yes, we shall be married, too—only come quickly—come!"

"I stood back from her, trying to think.

"Make haste! Be quick!" she urged. "We'll talk everything over; I'll explain everything, once we're on the road. Take nothing but thy coat and cap—there's no time to lose! Come!"

"Femya," I answered, "I don't understand, but I am all thine; I go. Maybe these things thou sayest are terrible things; *nyetchevó!* Just let me gather up a few little things—come in for just a moment. Nobody's here but my *bátyushka* and the little Vasya. Nobody will hurt thee. Thou must not stand out here in this cold rain. Come thou in!"

"She would not, so I seized her round the body and drew her through the door. She struggled; I felt how lithe she was, and I was very eager to be on the road.

"As we came into the hut my old man was standing by the bench, scowling and grumbling; for he was very old and hated any disturbance.

"See, *bátyushka!*" said I, trying to smile. "See, here's Femya come back!"

"Father squinted at her, but said no word of welcome. Instead, 'This is bad, bad,' he growled, 'coming here like this, so late at night, from God knows where. It will work us nothing but harm. Let her go to her uncle's house and not stay here. It is bad, bad, very bad!'"

"Femya, all wet and muddy, walked to the fire and stood gazing down into it. My little brother stirred, nestled in his sleep.

"Father," I began again, "Femya wants me to go away with her, away from here, to Batúm. I do not understand, but I am going. We shall be married. Then she says I can help her in her work. Do you give me your blessing!"

"The old man stared at me; I saw my words had not reached his brain, so I told him again, louder. He understood that time; his wrinkled face got dull red, and he began to tremble with rage. He cried out:

"*Moy syn* (son), you cannot go!"

"'Father,' said I for the third time, 'I am going.'

"'Come, Tikhon,' murmured Femya. 'Leave thy things—they matter nothing—leave all, and come!'

"The old man heard her.

"'Don't listen to that woman!' he cried. 'Don't you listen! She has bewitched you! Don't you dare listen!' He was shaking all over, and his white head was twitching as with palsy.

"I said nothing, but took down my sheepskin jacket from its peg. Little Vasya sat up on the bench and began to whimper.

"'What!' shouted my father. 'You disobey?'

"'Am I a child, *bátyushka*? I cannot obey you when this woman calls!'

"'This *vyédma*! This night-devil!' he screamed, and jumped at me, seized the coat, tried to jerk it from my hands. I was trembling, too, and my stomach was sinking, but I did n't let go. Then father struck me with his fist as hard as he could, here, on the jaw. He was strong for an old man, and nearly knocked me over. I choked with rage, sudden as a flare of gunpowder; father saw my rage and turned on Femya. He snatched up a blazing stick from the fire and waved it over his head, so that the flame and sparks were scattered wide.

"'Witch! Devil! Firebrand! Get out!' he shrieked. 'Get out! Go! Leave my son alone!' And he went to strike her with the fiery stick, but I grabbed his arm. He whirled on me, raving, and hit me once, twice, with the blazing cudgel, full strength, square across my face. Oi, but the fire flew, though! Then quick redness boiled into my brain; I grabbed hold of the stick right by the blazing part and never felt the burn; I wrenched it from him, hit him as hard as I could on the head. My father doubled up beside the fire, so close that the live coals singed his hair, made it crinkle up.

"Femya's mouth fell open; her eyes grew staring.

"'Bózhe moy! (My God!)' she screamed. 'Away! Away from here!'

"Everything seemed blurred; I did n't feel sorry for what I had done. I heard Vasya sobbing and crying, but I paid no attention—I only seized our big water-jug and dashed water all over my old man's head; but he never stirred. Then I turned, slipped my big coat on, said '*Proschái, Vasya!*' to my little brother, and ran out of the hut with the girl, into the dark and rain and slush, down the road away from the village.

III.

"NOBODY was astir as we turned into the Fedosia road and ran on, on, on . . . I don't know how long, through the night, never saying a word. All I remember is the splashing of our feet through the mud, the panting of our breath in the darkness.

"The police they caught us just outside of Fedosia; the police, ah, they know everything, they have a million eyes, everywhere, all over Russia. It was toward morning, gray and cold, when they marched us back to Arabát, to the jail, through a gathering crowd of villagers, all jostling, talking at once, cursing us. At the jail they handed us over to our village jailer, Yampol, a big, strong fellow, very fond of handcuffs and the *nagaika*. Into the jail he thrust us, barring out the crowd; and there we were, my little dove and I, in that dirty kennel, with three or four scurvy prisoners.

"*Oi*, Femya was nearly dead, and I was so tired! Yampol put the girl in the women's part, and me in the men's part, and there was a passageway between, so. . . . Now, this is a strange thing, and you won't believe it, but that very same night two children died in Arabát, and a fire started in the stable of Lipo Gantássoff, *barin* (lord) of Masnov, the next village to ours, and burned up Lipo's cow. The *barin's* stable-boy was always careless with his lantern; and as for the children, they had had no milk for a long time, but only black bread to suck; yet it looked queer—I think everybody was pretty well afraid of Femya then; even I, though I still loved her, *sudár*, some way I was beginning to get very much afraid too.

"They kept us there all day, and nobody was allowed to come, except only Femya's aunt, 'Lizaviéta. She came in weeping, with bad news of how Uncle Alexis had burst a vein in his rage and was now all paralyzed on the left side of his body. What the end would be, nobody could tell. Femya did not weep, but Aunt 'Lizaviéta made such a crying that Yampol had to lead her away. After that nobody was permitted.

"They did n't let us talk together, Femya and me, and they gave us nothing to eat but black bread all fuzzy with mould; I could n't swallow mine even after I had bitten off the mould and spat it away.

"So two days passed, and on the third came Formanski, our *pom-yéshchik*. This Formanski, you know, was a fat, thick-necked man, about forty, all puffy and shaky with drinking *zoubrovka* (plum brandy), and very hot-tempered. Good-natured enough so long as nothing crossed him, but a living devil when anything went wrong. One time when he got mad at a little pet dog, what do you think? Well, he poured oil over it and set fire to it; watched it run and scream till it dropped down charred. That was how he was; but at times very jolly and lively, and a great lover of pretty girls.

"He talked terribly to me, *sudár*—said he'd have me well knouted and sent off to the mercury mines in Tobolsk government. That is worse than hanging. Your jaw-bones rot out there in three years, or it may be five, and other things happen. After talking with me he went into the jailer's room and had Yampol bring Femya to him. I saw her being led in, pale, with her head hanging, as though almost ashamed to death. I tried to speak with her, but Yampol struck me on the mouth, through the door-bars, and knocked me back into the pen.

"Well, she stayed only four or five minutes; then I heard loud words and oaths and blows, and Yampol came dragging her back. She was paler than before—but her head was up this time, and her eyes were fire-coals. Across her cheek burned a red welt.

"*'Femya! Femya!'* I shouted, and fought with Yampol, who rushed into the men's cage and strangled me to make me shut up. Without my handcuffs I'd have broken him in two like *that!* . . .

"Femya laughed—was it a laugh?—as she was thrust into her cage. *'Formanski,'* she cried—*'Formanski, that old goat! . . .'* She did n't finish, but I understood. *Bózhe moy!* the redness that whirled before my eyes then! I could just feel my fingers grind into that thick neck of Formanski's, feel the craunch of all that fat and those big veins under my claws! Blood . . . fat . . . when all of us were starving! By God's Mother, if I'd been free then—eh, Formanski would have paid for all! And yet, *sudár*, behind it all I felt a fear that was even more biting than my anger, a fear of Femya, my little dove once on a time. Her voice was different, her eyes were different—not like a woman's. My heart turned to water.

"*'Is this Femya?'* I asked myself, over and over. *'Is this the woman that I used to gather to my heart?'* Not even the thought of the two hundred lashes I was going to get next day, not even the thought of the mercury mines, could keep away this new, choking fear.

IV.

"THAT night, when everything was dark and still, Father Apollón came to the prison, and with him two acolytes. It must have been about four in the morning, very foggy and chill. Yampol kicked me as I lay on the dirt floor and waked me up suddenly.

"*'Up, svinyá (pig)!'* he commanded. *'The holy father is here, outside in the passage. He wants you.'*

"I got up, dazed and shivering; Yampol led me out to Father Apollón. I bowed low before him. One of the acolytes carried a lantern; its light dazzled me so that the holy man looked taller and more terrible than ever. He was really a tall man, thin and bony, about sixty years old. He had a thin, pale mouth, gray hair, and a full

beard. He wore his long black robe and his high cap, and held an ivory crucifix.

"Pavló, the acolyte, flashed the lantern in my face; I blinked, all heavy with sleep. One or two other prisoners had waked up and were pressing their thin and dirty faces against the grating. Femya I did not see; she must have been asleep.

"'Son,' said Father Apollón, 'come with me. The *pomyéshchik* and I have conferred, and he has given me all power, since this matter deeply concerns Holy Church. To-morrow thy old father is buried. His blood stains thy hands. Come with me; fear not, but hope!' He spoke not unkindly. I was very much confused and afraid, for the holy man was usually so stern and hard that I did not understand his sudden change. I had just barely enough sense left to bow in submission before him. Yampol fetched my cap; then the father moved down the passage and out the door. I followed; the acolytes came after. The jail-door creaked shut, and we walked away up the road, toward the church.

"When we drew near it I was astonished to see that it was lighted up, as though for holy offices; and yet the time was only about four o'clock, all dark, with the stars shining in the cold sky like little specks of white fire.

"'Holy father, what——' I started to ask, but Pavló growled: 'Shut up, *sobaka* (dog)! You'll know soon enough!' The priest walked along in silence; his long, bony legs kicked his robe so that it flapped and danced like ravens' wings in the night.

"We reached the church. Some of our village people were standing on the steps, others were coming here and there. Everybody stared at me in the gloom; most crossed themselves at sight of me. We went into the church. What do you think, *sudár*? The church was almost full—at night! Such a thing was never heard of, a church full of people at four hours after midnight! I began to grow weak with fear; I was half-starved, any way, not myself at all. I made the cross as well as I could with my chained hands; then Pavló led me to a bench near the centre of the church. Father Apollón walked on up the aisle in the midst of a great silence. After he had passed, everybody craned eager necks at me, with big, horrified eyes. Then one by one the people knelt to listen.

"Father Apollón reached the *amvón*, mounted the steps, stretched out his lean hand. Black shadows fell across his face from the ikon-lamp above. His three long fingers, like talons, made the sign; the black sleeve fell back from his bony wrist. In front of the *amvón* lay something long and large under a purple cloth. I saw this thing as I knelt with all the rest. The lamps kept smoking and sputtering. Every minute or two somebody kept coming in, quietly finding a place.

"'Children,' said Father Apollón, 'my children, sons and daughters of Holy Russia, a strange and terrible thing has happened. Our village is in danger; all of you, your children and cattle, are in danger. Only by your help can Holy Church save this *mir*. All power is in my hands. I stand before you the direct representative of God and of the Little Father.' Everybody bowed; I bowed, too. The priest went on:

"'Lies, blasphemies, false teachings, rebellious thoughts against the lot where God in His infinite mercy has seen fit to place you, my children—all these are charged to that miserable woman whom you know, yes, and fire, death, murder—the visible symbols of God's wrath on Arabát, God's curses! You know! You know!'

"A woman began sobbing. Father Apollón paid no heed, but kept on rapidly: 'Who gives this woman power to drag down souls to Hell? 'Tis the Evil One, *Chort* himself, our great enemy! But, even so, she must have had a helper from among you. Who shall make atonement but that one?' Father Apollón was getting excited; I could see his eyes roll. 'Speak, some one!' he commanded. 'How shall we call the woman? Declare the word! Declare who helped her!'

"Terror made me numb; terror had seized everybody, but mine was worst, for had I not listened to the woman more than any one else? Was not the blood of my old father on my hands in token of bondage? I felt weak and dizzy, scarcely hearing. Suddenly a woman, Anna Mogilyeff, cried in a loud voice: '*Witch! Witch!*' and again '*Witch!*' It ended in a scream, and Anna sank down shuddering; her husband had to hold her. Chills ran over me. The people were rocking their bodies, crying: '*Vyédma! Vyédma!* (Witch! Witch!)' louder and louder.

"'Silence!' commanded the holy father. 'Silence! She hath said it—not I, mark you. She hath named this plague of fire and death, this bringer of damnation, this messenger of Hell.' Somebody screamed; groans rose here and there. 'What is the punishment?'

"'Death!' bawled some one; they all took up the cry: 'Death! Death!'

"'Death! You have declared it!' echoed Father Apollón. 'Now, what death, *what* death, to this *Zhar*, this Firebrand from Hell?'

"'The water-death!' shouted old Dmitrí Petróvitch, and they all began howling till the smoky old church trembled. Like gray wolves baying—you know? The holy man quieted them after a minute, with uplifted hands.

"'Again I question you—who works this sentence on the daughter of *Chort*? Speak! Who wins salvation by doing the will of God?'

"Nobody answered that time, but there was a great staring of eyes. '*Prestáy, Hóspodi!* (God save us!)' every one was whispering, making the cross.

"'You all know,' he went on, and now his voice was calm, slow—'you know the civil law can only exile her to some distant place, where she can still spread the venom of Hell. Will you permit *that*? The law can work no justice here—only some true son of Holy Church can work it. *Who?*'

"He looked straight at me; his eyes bored into my heart like augers. Everybody stared at me—all those eyes in that dim light were drawing the soul out of me. I grew suddenly faint. My heart began to thump; *oi, sudár*, it almost jumped out of my body. Sweat started out all over me.

"Suddenly bells sounded, deep and clear—the holy bells! The people all began making the three deep bows, down to the floor; each time they crossed themselves, all saying: '*Voyímyeh Otsá Syn Isviatóho Dú'ha, Amín!*' Down came Father Apollón, down to that strange thing covered with the cloth; he stripped away the cloth, and—*oi! oi!*—it was a coffin; in the coffin lay my father! He looked like wax, in the dim light, and thin and very old. His hands, folded on his breast, held a small crucifix; beneath his hands lay the bread and salt of the dead. I saw him; everybody saw him. Cries burst out. I was not myself, Tikhon, but somebody else—something rushed over me. I jumped up, flung my chained hands over my head, screamed: 'Off with the irons! Off! I do the bidding of the Lord!'

"At a sign from the holy father, four men raised the bier, carried it down the aisle; Father Apollón followed, stern and tall, swinging his censer. Everybody bowed very low; for fear the people hardly breathed.

"'Bear the body to my house,' I heard him say to the four men. 'We have no time for burial *now*.' Then he stopped, and beckoned sternly to me. What do you think? He had the key to my irons in his hand! Was that not strange? In a minute my hands were free.

"'Son, follow me!' he commanded, and walked on out of the church. I followed; everybody shuffled, crowded, after us. Far off, over the flat lands, day was beginning, green and pale. As we neared the vodka shop I noticed some men and women gathered on the platform; they had a small keg of the fiery *stolóvoye vinó*, with the head knocked in, and were drinking out of it with tin cups. Father Apollón said to them:

"'Refresh yourselves, my children; I remit the sin to-day in service of the Lord!' To me: 'Drink, son; be of good cheer! Thy crime is growing light. Thou art weak and tired—strengthen thyself!'

"There was great pushing and crowding, much confusion. Somebody thrust a cupful of the *vinó* into my hand; I tossed it down at one swallow, and still another. I did not feel the burn of it any more than I had felt the burning stick I had killed my old man with.

"After a while the holy father led off again, holding his ivory crucifix. I followed, and everybody else trailed along unevenly, all talking, questioning, cursing, down the road, past the huts with their sightless windows, like dead eyes, toward the jail.

"When we came in sight of the jail somebody struck up the '*Bózhe Tsaryá*,' and everybody joined in, loud and hoarse:

*'Bózhe Tsaryá khрани,
Sílnym derzhávnym Tsárstvom na slávu!'*

V.

"So we came to the jail, Father Apollón with his crucifix lifted on high, then me, then the villagers, forty or fifty of them, their breath steaming and all rank with vodka on the quiet morning air as they sang. When we got to the door Father Apollón stepped back.

"'Enter first, chosen one,' said he, 'and the Sevenfold Blessings rest upon thee!'

"I pushed the door; it was unlocked. I entered the jail. Father Apollón came in after me, and then the crowd, with one or two lanterns. Yampol did not appear. The few prisoners, awakened by the singing and the shuffling of feet, pressed against the gratings. They were pale and in fear.

"'Take out the witch!' Father Apollón pointed with his bony finger at Femya, whose face showed at the door of the women's cage, very white but more beautiful than ever, with her long hair falling all about her.

"'Little soul,' said she to me, 'where hast thou been? What means it that thou art free? What is all this crowd? Tell me, little soul!'

"The vodka was hammering in my ears; her voice seemed miles away.

"'No speech with her!' commanded the holy father. 'Not one word! Take her out! There hangs the key!'

"One of the prisoners began to howl and shake the grating, yelling to be let out also, but the father silenced him with a brandish of his crucifix. I took down the key, opened the door, and stepped inside.

"'Come, now, in the Lord's name!' I commanded.

"'Tikhon, what means this?' she begged, trembling. I gave no answer, but seized her arm and led her out. The villagers all shrank back; only the holy father stood firm, for he was very brave.

"'What is it? What is it?' she kept repeating, as in a dream. I felt her tremble, thought it strange that any one in league with *Chort* should be afraid, until I noticed that she was looking at the crucifix held in front of Father Apollón, like a shield against her.

"'Blindfold her!' commanded the father. Somebody thrust forward a coarse towel.

"'Tikhon!' she cried again, but, '*Sing!*' commanded the priest; 'sing loud! Drown out that voice of Hell! *Sing*, all of you!'

"He raised our great hymn '*Góspodi Izhe*,' everybody joining in, even the prisoners, while I caught the towel round Femya's head and tied it tight. Then she grew calm and quiet, braver (it seemed to me) than all the rest of us. Such is the power of evil.

"'Take out the Firebrand to punishment!'

"I stumbled out over the threshold, gripping her along by the arm, all the others following. Hunger, weakness, fear, had left me; I felt only the knowledge of salvation, in spite of all my sin. There was a roaring in my ears. I was proud to be at the head of that procession, to be the savior of my village. Eh? Love for Femya? *Nyet, sudár!* When the sun shines, who sees rush-lights?

VI.

"We all trooped down the slushy road away from the village, where a few lines of smoke were already beginning to creep up into the sky. Three or four dogs bounded out and joined us; they barked and ran along ahead through the mud, or jumped at our sides. We took the little-used road out onto the Tongue of Arabát. Day was coming fast, raw and very damp, with a sea-wind from the Azov side. I don't remember very much about that walk, only that now and then the people, slopping along behind, said prayers or sang; then again they laughed and cursed.

"Femya walked proudly, strongly, in spite of her head being all wrapped up. She stumbled here and there, and I had to steady her; and I shuddered when I felt how supple she was—that daughter of Hell!

"It was two versts out along the road to the first bend of the Putrid Sea, and it must have taken us nearly half an hour to reach a place where some high clay banks overhung the greenish water.

"'Here, son!' said Father Apollón. 'This place is good; stop here.'

"We stopped. Everybody came up, a big crowd all along the bank on either side of us, jostling, panting, flushed with vodka. The holy father commanded silence, and it became as still as a church, except for the dogs and the heavy breathing of the people.

"'Children,' cried the priest, 'pray now for your own salvation, pray for the saving of our village! Pray while Holy Church triumphs over the powers of darkness! Tikhon, thy duty! Fear not, for the Lord is with thee!'

"Old Dmitri Petrovsky had a rope. The rope was passed to me.

"'Bind her well,' said Father Apollón, 'for many are the powers and wiles of the Evil One!'

"When Femya felt the cord wrapped round her many times, she tried to speak. Even through the tight bandage I heard her say my name and then '*dúshenka*,' but I would not listen; I clapped my hand over her mouth. I knew that if I listened my soul would be lost, so great was that woman's power. The people, thinking I hesitated, raised a great shouting:

"'*Bózhe! Bózhe!* Down with her! . . . Save us! . . . Death to the witch! . . . Down to the water with the Firebrand!' Oi, there was a great *pogrom*, a terrible brandishing of arms and sticks. Even the dogs howled.

"'Sing!' shouted the holy man, and struck up the '*Góspodi Izhe*' again. Everybody joined in. When I heard that song of God's Russia a sort of fire burned me, mixed with the vodka and love of my village, love of God, hope of salvation. I caught up the witch in my arms, swung her—my strength surprised me—threw her out over the edge of the high bank.

"Green, slimy water splashed up even over us; some blotched the father's cassock and even spattered his crucifix. The father did not notice. He was leaning over the bank like the rest; he smiled a thin smile as he saw the witch struggle in the water, struggle and fight, sink, rise again, and once more sink in a greasy foam. Loud cries and curses broke out. I stood staring, sick, all of a tremble.

"'Look, look! *The cord is broken!*' shouted voices, and, as God lives, the witch was swimming—swimming in spite of her head being tied up in a towel. She was strong, that witch! She beat the thick water all to a froth as she swam and fought.

"She had fallen not far from the steep bank; she could have got there quickly if she had seen where to go, but she could n't see. So she lashed at random, now on top of the water and now under it; but, by my soul, the Ancient Enemy helped her, for she really got to shore, crawled part way out of the water, and lay gasping, gurgling for breath.

"The hymn died down, though Father Apollón kept bawling it out, beating time with the spattered crucifix. The people would not sing, but began shouting: 'She's not dead yet! *Chort* is helping her! Go down there, quick! Go down and finish her! Down with you! Down!'

"What should I do, *sudár*? Was she really a witch, or was she only Femya, my betrothed, my *dúshenka*? Even the vodka, pounding in my ears, even the hymn and the swaying crucifix, could not make me quite sure. Suddenly the holy man stopped singing and gripped my arm. His face was frightful, with his tall cap on one side and his gray hair sticking out.

"'Thy work!' he screamed. 'Finish it! Down there with thee, as Hell is terrible! Down there, or else eternal blazing fires for thee!'

"Then he pushed me, so that I fell, alid, rolled down the steep and high bank, over and over. I landed in a heap at the water's edge, not very far from the witch. Above me the people were all strung out in a long line, some standing, some kneeling, all peering over the edge. I heard them shouting, heard the holy father's voice mingled with the yelping of dogs, saw the crucifix, saw arms and clubs waving.

"Kill! Kill!" they shouted. I got up, dazed, walked along through the slippery water and dead reeds. When I reached the witch she was breathing very hard. The towel had slipped partly off, and I could see some of her face, pale and dripping. I could see her eyes, half-closed, with bluish places under them; I could see the life still beating in her full throat. She lay without knowledge. Her long black hair, great strands and coils of it, was tangled across her breast, was dragged in the mud and slime.

"Kill! Kill in the name of God!" The holy father's sharp voice pierced through all the other cries of death. I shut my eyes, *sudár*, stooped and gathered as it were a rope of that hair. I twisted that rope round and round the witch's throat; then I pulled, pulled with all my strength. The hair cut into her skin, left white ridges. The witch stopped breathing, and then—after a while—she was dead.

"So Arabát was saved for Holy Russia, for God, for the Little Father. So the Firebrand was quenched. So my soul was saved from Hell, made sure of Heaven. How do I know about my soul? Why, *sudár*, Father Apollón says so, and Father Apollón knows everything. He is very wise, *sudár*, for is he not a holy man? Does he not daily, hourly, speak with God?"



HOME

BY SILAS X. FLOYD

THE home is bare if love abide not there:
 I care not if the house be gaily dressed,
 And with the wealth of far-famed Ormus blessed;
 If love abide not there, the home is bare.

Where love abides, the home lacks naught besides:
 I care not if the house be small and plain,
 And if the roof at times admit the rain;
 The home lacks naught besides where love abides.

AS MANAGED BY CAROLYN

By Jean Louise West

CAROLYN had gone off with Stew for a morning horseback ride, to explore the autumn woods. (Stewart is my fiancé, but our engagement had n't been announced yet.)

So far, during my acquaintance with him, he had proved immune to Carolyn's charm. I don't know why. Several times I had been all ready to back down, as gracefully as possible, from any claim on him—even though I did see him first, as they used to say in "Foxy Quiller." But it had n't been necessary, so far.

I usually hand people over to Carolyn the minute I see she wants them, for I would rather give them to her than have her take them from me.

While I waited for the two to come back from riding, I cleaned off my dressing table. (Carolyn's home is my home, too—ever since her father became my guardian, a number of years ago.)

I had slipped into a long, violet-colored kimono, and had my files and mirrors and brushes nicely strewn about over the reed chairs and the window-seat, when Carolyn came trailing in and sat down on top of the pin-tray and a box of cold cream on the willow ottoman.

"We had the loveliest ride!" she said in her most languorous tones.

I rescued the tray and the cold cream, and she swept over to the mirror to fluff up the waves of her black pompadour.

There is a certain clever imperiousness in Carolyn's dark eyes—I have seen her reduce dignified men to a state of subjection in which they followed her around like sheep. Besides these, there was generally a goodly waiting list, ready and anxious to be subjugated.

There is something peremptory about her, too—what she wants, she *wants*; that is sufficient reason to her for almost anything—which is also the way the waiting list looks at it. No wonder she believes it.

This particular morning Stewart had asked me to go horseback riding with him, but I was obliged to keep an appointment at my studio with a woman whose portrait I was going to try to paint.

Carolyn had suggested that it was a shame to disappoint Stew, and had volunteered to go riding in my place. After they had started, the woman 'phoned that she could n't come.

Strange to say, Carolyn was n't occupied with any conquests at all just now. Something or other had happened to the waiting list—away on business, or pleasure, or maybe suicide, for all I know. Carolyn seemed restless and uneasy; she has her reputation as a belle and a beauty to maintain, and it's quite a responsibility.

When Carolyn got through telling me about the ride, she said in her sweetest tones: "Nerissa, why don't you go to the artists' convention at Benton next week?" Then she went on at some length, talking of the pleasure I would get out of it.

At first I was suspicious of her enthusiasm, but she seemed so sincere that finally I was impressed by her thoughtfulness, and when she volunteered to lend me her Irish lace collar, I felt mean and small for having always believed her thoroughly selfish. In fact, I felt so guilty about it that I decided to go, just to please her.

Well, I went and stayed a week.

When I reached home Carolyn and Stew met me at the station. An obtuse young man, who had lately taken to shadowing Carolyn, was with them, and I was quite overcome by Carolyn's consideration in bringing along a partner for herself, so that Stewart and I could be alone and get talked up. I was reproaching myself for having misjudged her all her life when—I found myself partnered off with the obtuse young man, and Carolyn sweeping off with Stew.

I was dazed. Pairing off *by chance* never happened when Carolyn was around, and I could n't get the drift of things.

As for Stewart, he never sees through feminine finesse. He is a big, trim fellow, with smooth, light hair and a deferential manner. His eyes are full of warm gray tints that make people relax and brighten up. And though he is a newspaper man, he is most awfully sensitive and afraid of being a bore.

When we reached home, and Carolyn and I were up in my room, she told me what doings there had been while I was gone. She brought Stewart's name into everything in connection with herself. I began to think they must have been dreadfully chummy.

Well, Stew came up that evening, and the obtuse young man came too. Mr. Willetsbeal was his name—and, dear me! Mr. Willetsbeal was n't a bit afraid of being a bore! We all sat together up in the library, in front of the grate, and Carolyn talked—she is a very good talker, particularly about the things that concern herself—and then she read aloud, and was very gay and sparkling, and occupied the centre of the stage all evening.

So it turned out that Stew and I scarcely had a chance to exchange a dozen words.

Well, the next afternoon Stewart ran up again, but Carolyn was at home, too, and she immediately got out her beadwork and kept him

busy counting beads and telling her how many garnet and how many gold, till I felt so superfluous that I went off up-stairs and did n't come down again.

About that time I began to notice a subtle change in Stew's manner. The smile had sort of gone out of his eyes, that is, toward me. He is a regular Spartan for keeping things to himself. I was becoming uneasy.

That evening we three went to the theatre. When Stewart stepped back to let Carolyn and me into the seats ahead of him, Carolyn also stepped back, and that made me go first, placing Carolyn between Stew and me for the evening.

I had plenty of spare time on my hands. I commenced to wonder if there was n't more of a sympathy between Carolyn and Stew than I had supposed, for Stew did n't seem to be minding the arrangement of things.

Then who should come to take the unoccupied seat, on my other side, but Mr. Medford, the young chemistry professor. It seemed providential. I felt that I could at least work up a sort of alibi, if that's the name for it.

I began to talk with him as cordially as I could. We got along nicely.

Stew never talks to Mr. Medford if he can help it—nor mentions his name. Stew did n't enjoy himself the time Carolyn and I both developed a great admiration for Mr. Medford—even though we did get safely over it, thanks to his inability to keep track of which one of us he was really smitten with. Quite by accident, I had got out of my Cinderella niche in that affair, and had scored a little.

The day after the theatre episode, Carolyn and Stew and I were down-town, watching the floats of a commercial parade. Presently Carolyn began looking around over the crowd, and soon she asked in her most musical tones: "I wonder where Mr. Willetsbeal is? Is n't that he over there?"

I could n't recover from my surprise at Carolyn's *inquiring* for Mr. Willetsbeal, for she expends a great deal of energy in keeping out of his way—he is one of the indiscourageable kind, and is usually close in her wake.

Then it flashed over me that she wanted him for me, and in that way I should be eliminated.

Just then, however, Mr. Medford appeared, very pleasant and affable, answering Carolyn's purpose, and saving me from Mr. Willetsbeal.

It happened as I expected—almost immediately we became separated from them by the crowd.

Then Mr. Willetsbeal bobbed placidly up on my left. A new kind

of impulse seized me. "Carolyn was just asking for you," I said sweetly. "She is right over there somewhere."

Mr. Willetsbeal was so flattered that he was after her like a flash—it was such a novelty to him to be inquired for. And he attached himself with so much ardor that Carolyn could n't dislodge him the rest of the day. I kept away from her—I did n't know what terrible thing she might not do to me for revenge.

The next evening we had a reception at our house. I had a new gown that I had expected to enjoy very much,—it was a black lace net with big pink roses splashed over it—but I did n't, for when Stew came, he made a bee-line for Carolyn.

Carolyn's eyes sparkled and her cheeks were pink. There was n't any sparkle left in me; I felt limp and quaky. I kept away from Stew, but I swished around with all the energy I was capable of.

As Carolyn and I were combing our hair together that night, we discussed the party, and Carolyn mentioned Stew every little while, with a matter-of-fact air of possession that was almost more than I could stand. It was bad enough to be triumphed over, without having the conqueror drag you behind her chariot.

To her, I suppose, it seemed only that she was vindicating her position as a belle. But there was my side of it, too.

The next morning I sent my diamond back to Stewart. I did n't make any explanation to him; I thought it was n't necessary.

That evening Mr. Medford was passing the café just as I came out from dinner. He was very cordial and walked home with me. I asked him in, and presently Stew came up, and we had some music, and Carolyn gave us, gaily, in detail, her latest troubles in the dentist's chair, and now and then the rest of us elbowed a remark into the conversation.

Stew might have been an umbrella or a ramrod for all the expression there was in his attitude; and I was as serene as a summer sea. His eyes, I noticed, sought Carolyn's with great frequency. Then I was glad I had sent back the ring.

When Carolyn feels that people are under her charm, she has a way of guilelessly lifting her eyes and speaking in a little-girl sort of voice, that just makes me mad, but the man usually seems quite impressed by it.

When the two men left, I asked Mr. Medford to come again. He said he should be delighted to do so. Stew still wore the expressionless look.

Next day Carolyn bought the elegant hollyhock hat that she had previously decided was too expensive.

I did n't have much to do with Mr. Medford except when Carolyn and Stew were around. I could n't keep from comparing the two men.

There is a certain quiet fineness about Stew that Mr. Medford will never have if he lives to be a thousand.

But I flew around and made a great deal of noise and bustle, and worked hard at seeming very gay and very much entertained. The receptions and dances all seemed such shallowness and mockery. I thought a good deal, nights, and did n't sleep much.

Once I had stood off and smiled at trouble and spoken picturesquely of it. But when it comes home to you, it's different.

One radiant November afternoon I sat at an easel in my studio, working on a picture of an autumn road. Carolyn had told me that she and Stew were going for a walk out to Woodling Park that afternoon. So when Mr. Medford came up, a little later, to say that he was going into the woods on a search after moss, and wanted me to go with him, I accepted.

I cleaned my brushes, got into my wraps, and we were off.

The sky was a vivid, burnished blue through the twisted oak trees; the slanting sunlight lay over the woods with a lustre that made you think of a sorcerer's forest. But somehow I could n't enjoy the beauty of it.

We wound through the oaks, down sandy paths that were drifted full of dead leaves. Mr. Medford was headed toward Woodling Park. We were after hippodumdum, or some such sounding thing—it is a kind of moss.

I gathered the mosses quite zealously until Mr. Medford said I did n't do it right.

A few minutes later, when I tried to call his attention to the view down-hill through the tree trunks, he only said: "The capsules of this species are lacking," and went on digging. When Mr. Medford gets his scientific side out for an airing, you might as well go home.

I discussed the scenery (with myself), however, at some length.

Then through the trees, on a park bench, I caught sight of Mr. Willetsbeal. I surmised that Carolyn and Stew must be somewhere about.

Sure enough, they presently appeared over the hill close by.

Stewart unbent a good deal for him. He suggested that we join forces and call it an autumn picnic, with an oyster stew down-town when we started home.

Carolyn's eyes narrowed; a joint affair, evidently, had n't been her idea. Stew, however, did n't see the look. There were shadows about his eyes. I wondered if Carolyn had put him on the rack.

Stew, Mr. Medford, and I began discussing the mosses.

Almost immediately Carolyn started off by herself down the hill. I surmised that her intention was to break up the quartet idea—expecting that Stew would follow her.

But she had miscalculated. He only leaned back against a tree and slowly unbuttoned his gloves, and looked so weary and haggard that I almost forgot to keep up my indifferent attitude, and wanted to ask if he had lost all his money in speculation, or something. But I only said pleasantly: "Carolyn is going straight toward Mr. Willetsbeal; he is lurking down there on a park bench, waiting for an opening to step in."

Stew looked suddenly down at me with the smile back in his eyes and an odd look about his face, and all at once I had what I thought was a flash of intuition to the effect that there was something about the whole affair I did n't understand; that Stew had something on his mind to say.

Mr. Medford was still oblivious to everything except moss.

"Would you care to take a little stroll down this other slope? I'd like to see if Wake Robin Lodge is beyond that clump of birches." Stew said it carelessly, but his eyes seemed wistful, somehow.

Something came up in my throat, and I could n't keep from going.

As we started down a leafy path, Carolyn turned and came hurriedly back up the opposite slope. I decided she had caught sight of Mr. Willetsbeal. She saw us starting away and called out rather peremptorily: "Stewart, come and get this bird's nest down for me."

Mr. Willetsbeal was now coming spryly up the path behind her.

"There is Mr. Willetsbeal just behind you," I said pleasantly; "he'll be glad to get it for you. Stew and I are going down for a look at Wake Robin Lodge."

Carolyn looked surprised at me; also mad. But nothing happened. As we wound on down the path Stew became strangely silent, and I began to feel uncomfortable.

I could see that we had made a mistake about the Lodge, but Stew kept on going. I made a feeble attempt to discuss the view, but it turned out no more successful than with Mr. Medford. I don't believe men like views.

Then it came over me, with force, how I often jumped at the wrong conclusion: that undoubtedly Stew was *not* laboring toward any explanation; most probably he was bored, and wanted to go back to Carolyn.

I began to feel overcome with mortification at having carried him off in spite of her. It looked as if I were just standing around waiting for a chance to see him and be trampled upon.

"I believe I'll go back," I said.

"Please don't," he answered, with the same odd look.

I tucked some loose wisps of hair back out of my eyes—and stayed. But I made a grim resolution to do the serene-as-a-summer-sea manner as it had never been done before—so that Stew should think I was really *glad* that Carolyn had supplanted me.

"Let's sit down on this log," he proposed quietly, when we reached the far side of the clump.

I pulled aside my long cloak and blithely sat—at least, I intended it to be blithely.

The first thing I knew, Stew's gray eyes were looking at me in a pondering, tired way, and kept on looking.

It began to make me nervous, and presently I felt a red flush sweeping over my face in waves, conspicuous enough, it seemed to me, to be seen round the world.

He seemed to have thrown tactfulness to the winds, for, in spite of my redness, he did n't take his eyes off my face.

I was becoming all unnerved, and in a moment, to cover it up, I said as curtly as I could: "I did n't know I came down here to be stared out of countenance!"

I never talk like that, and Stew turned his eyes away like a flash, while a dull red crept up into his face.

I felt thoroughly disgusted with myself, and tired and miserable. "I did n't mean to say it that way. I——" Then my eyes began to swim! I bent down and pretended to be looking for leaves. I reached into my sleeve for my handkerchief. Misfortunes never come singly—I did n't have any handkerchief!

He did n't move for a minute or two. Presently he slipped his own big, clean handkerchief into my lap and began intently to study the hillside road opposite.

I wondered if he thought I did n't have any handkerchiefs, but I could n't get my voice straightened out enough to say anything.

In a minute he leaned over and asked with embarrassment: "Is—anything the matter, Nerissa?"

"No!" I said, with emphasis.

My only desire was that the earth should open and swallow me.

"Nerissa," he began again, with some reserve, "you know you never told me why you turned me down."

I *knew* he would think I was crying about that. I felt clammy all over. I tried to think of an answer that did n't mean anything. Finally I said: "I think it would have been superfluous."

He sat perfectly still and looked off at the horizon. At last he said quietly: "Just did n't want me."

Something came up in my throat again, but I remembered in the nick of time that I could n't afford any explanations—that it would be burning the bridges behind me. I would rather die than have him think I cared about Carolyn.

Then my chin began to quiver! I could n't stop it, and I felt so imbecile I did n't care what I said. "Will you please go away and stop bothering me!" I managed to snap.

He stiffened and rose on the instant, his face scarlet.

Then suddenly the tears stopped coming, and something inside me hurt like everything. I could n't let him go like that. I put my hand out and said nervously: "Wait. I want to say—something."

But as he stood soberly waiting, I could n't think of a single rational sentence.

Something had to be said, however. I took a couple of extra breaths and finally started: "I want to explain about acting so silly and hystericky. I've been working too hard—I haven't been getting enough outdoor exercise—I've been trying to finish up my autumn pictures—and I've been going about too much evenings." Well, that was n't so bad, I congratulated myself—till I found courage to give a glance at his face. His eyes looked like gray stone.

"Why not explain about the ring?" he asked.

My eyes began to swim again.

"Please don't cry, Nerissa," he said. Of course the tears poured down like a flood at that.

Stew suddenly shut his lips tight. I remembered about my bridges and rose.

But it was too late. He reached out awkwardly and took hold of me. "Nerissa," he said briefly, "why did you turn me down?"

That drove every sensible idea out of my head. It seemed a choice between giving in and crying. So I cried some more.

He reached over and took firm hold of both my arms. I could n't very well turn my face away. My cheeks were wet and felt all red and homely, and I could n't get my hands up.

"Nerissa," he said, "are n't you going to explain about the ring?" He seemed settling down to keep at it all day.

I could n't stand much more. "I can't," I said weakly.

He waited a little bit, then he asked in a gentle sort of way: "Could n't you—now?"

It seemed as if there was n't any place to look, and his eyes were so gray and relentless and unescapable.

"Tell me," he persisted. The gray stone look had left, but his voice was stubborn.

My strength was gone. I writhed; it was cutting off all retreat—but no matter. I said what I thought I would rather die than say: "I thought—I thought you cared for Carolyn."

He put a hand on either side of my face. "Is that the real, *real* reason?"

"Yes," I said.

The look in his face changed swiftly and something leaped up into his eyes. He flushed a tiny bit and looked steadily at me for an in-

stant; then he said gently: "Oh, Nerissa! Did n't you know me better, Nerissa?"

And I was glad I had told.

After a little bit, we strolled down the ravine. It seemed to me the sunshine had never before been so radiant—it fairly danced over the leafy hollows along beside us.

Off at a distance, a park-keeper's yellow cottage nestled at the foot of a steep, dark-wooded hill, and sent up a curl of blue smoke. I had never before seen such *pretty* smoke.

After a bit I asked: "But why did you stick so close to Carolyn all the time? What else could I think when you let me alone so thoroughly?"

"Why," he said in surprise, "I thought you began it." Then he settled down to the explanation. "While you were gone to your convention, Carolyn volunteered to look after me; she thought I would be lonesome. One evening she said she had something on her mind, and would have to tell me even if I did n't like it. Then she hinted delicately that she thought you had been pretty much interested in that fellow Medford a while back; that she thought it was only your pride—the fact of his feelings being too much on the India rubber plan—that kept you from—well—getting pretty serious about it. She felt that I ought to make a little surer of your feelings before it was too late; that Medford was just the style of man you admired, and that you were inclined to be—er—changeable.

"She was all cut up about even hinting such a thing, but she felt she owed it to us both just to mention it. She had had it on her mind a long time, she said, but could n't get up the courage to speak of it.

"I could see the reason in it all, and, of course, it was very generous of her, because, as she said, it placed her in the unenviable position of seeming to tattle.

"Well, I got to thinking pretty seriously about it. I remembered distinctly how things stood when Medford used to hang around you girls. I decided to stand off and watch things, and see if I could make anything of it. Carolyn, too, thought that would be the best plan.

"I was feeling mighty blue when you got home from your trip, and, sure enough, only the third day and Medford bobs up at the theatre, and you are so glad to see him, and after that everything seems going to the devil." He stopped, then added: "Carolyn tried to devise all sorts of things to keep me from worrying."

I shut my teeth tight. I remembered some of the devices, and, to my knowledge, Carolyn's specialty had n't been to keep people *from* worrying.

Still, it was n't for me to take the responsibility of saying that she

was merely playing a part. She *might* have believed all this, for somehow she is always able to take the view of things that she wants to take.

Those things, however, did n't matter now.

When Stew and I reached home, the gray winter dusk was settling down over the avenue; a crispness in the air sent the blood racing through your veins in a glow; lights were beginning to wink from the houses up and down street; and a dull red from the sunset still hung over the Pine Hills off to the west.

I ran up the veranda steps, and as Stew's trig figure went swinging down the street, I stood and looked at the dusk and the chill and the winking lights. Things had never looked so lovely to me before.

Then it flashed over me that we had come off home and entirely forgotten the others—Mr. Medford, Carolyn, hippodumdum, and all! I went in to the telephone and called up the professor.

It turned out that we were even—he had forgotten I was with him, and had gone off home alone!

As for Carolyn, I don't know just what will happen, for she does n't take kindly to being forgotten.



LITTLE THOUGHTS ON BIG THEMES

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

EXPERIENCE is the germ of power.

The problem of civilization is to eliminate the parasite.

It is qualities that make a man great, and not knowledge.

Calm, patient, persistent pressure wins. Violence is transient.

The man who consumes and wastes and does not produce is a burden like the grasshopper.

A workingman thrives best by considering and working for the best interests of his employer.

Mother nature in giving out energy gives each man about an equal proportion—the difference is in the way you use it.

The alternating current gives power; only an obstructed current gives either heat or light; all things require differently.

The fact is that life lies in mutual service—any other course is merely existence. Those who do most for others enjoy most.

Mental work of a congenial kind is a great stimulus to bodily vigor—to think good thoughts, working them out like nuggets of gold, and then to coin them into words, is a splendid joy.

THE GREAT TANGLE

AN EMOTIONAL MONOTONE

By Jane Belfield

HE was a simple country Youth leaning over the stile in his father's pasture; and she, a beautiful Lady riding by on a white palfrey. A long line of pages, in rich attire, followed in her train, and the Youth wonderingly watched the glittering procession winding down the road. A moment and their leader had reined her horse, smiling down into his eager face.

She beckoned, and he forgot all else—his home, his mother, the pleasant places of his childhood—and fastened his eyes on the radiant face above. The Lady threw her livery over him, motioning at the same time to the page who rode last. In obedience to her nod this page dismounted, and, casting a look of reproach and despair at his beautiful mistress, brought his own steed to the new-comer.

But of this the Youth observed nothing, nor that the other was left alone by the way. Enough that he now rode by the Lady's side—first of all her train. For him her smile, her soft voice:

"Come with me. The road before us is pleasant. I have need of many pages. I have need of thee."

So they journeyed on—always summer sunshine, merry jest, music, laughter. At times the gay company seemed unconscious of each other's presence; for their conductress possessed a strange fascination, so that each youth thought himself the sole object of her regard—nor noted in his absorption that one by one of their number passed slowly to the end of the train, and was silently left by the wayside—alone at the last.

Immersed in his Lady's smiles our Youth rode by her side until she lured another page. Again he who followed last brought his steed to the stranger. Again the way was bright with crimson flowers—the merry company sang and played on flute and reed, or from the shining goblet drank the lotus draught their fair leader brewed. None thought of resting—none ever looked back.

Now at length they reached a wide rushing river, and lo, our Youth rode next to the last page! Suddenly a voice whispered fearfully in his ear: "I am grown so faint, I cannot cross!"

Then he would have dismounted to succor his comrade, for a feeling—new, strange, almost of pity—stirred in his heart; but the Lady turned her face, smiling into his eyes—as she beckoned to him who was faint.

Hopelessly this last page led his horse to her side and gave it to the young ferryman who waited by that river. Hopelessly he sank to the ground as his companions hastened on; and yet our Youth, now riding last of that long train, saw nothing but his Lady's face.

At last they came to a flowering plain. In front the gentle slopes were covered with grass that rippled in the morning breeze—for with them it was always morning. None noted the thick underbrush, the dense growth of trees rapidly and silently springing up as they journeyed, closing the way of return. But something in the long, level stretch of green country awoke a thrill of remembrance, painful, unusual, in the heart of him who rode last.

He looked towards his leader. Why did she seem so far away, and why was he, her favorite follower, at the very end of her train?

Suddenly, amazed, stupefied, he reined his horse! What figure was this, leaning over the stile in the pasture, watching the glittering procession with hungry eyes? His thoughts flew back—what now seemed a thousand years. Was not this verily his old self? No, but one as ignorant, as ardent, as uncontrolled, as he. And she—his Lady—was speaking to this Youth! The same soft voice—the old sweet way:

"Come with me. The road before us is pleasant. I have need of many pages. I have need of thee."

He tried to cry out to the boy by the stile, but his voice would not reach the long way between. His Mistress turned—beckoned; and, knowing what was to come, he silently dismounted, leading his horse to the stile.

Then with mute reproach and agony he gazed into her face. *Her face!* Was this his Lady's face, so old—so lined—so cruel? Where, then, was her other face that had made all the way so sweet? He struggled to speak—to warn—but in vain! The boy by the stile had joyfully sprung on his steed, the company passed by with its song and jest, and he was left bewildered—stunned—alone.

Then he sank on the ground, overpowered by a great weariness. Might he not recall the charm of the face of Pleasure—the intoxication of her presence that had held him so long enthralled?

He covered his head and wept for very weakness, until into the tiny stream that trickled near and swelled into a smooth pool he looked and saw his face! But he could not yet believe, for the face with eyes of sorrow and experiences that answered his was worn and gray! He sprang to his feet in consternation. "Who is this?" he cried aloud. And heavily his heart responded: "Thou!"

Then, desperately, the man recalled the way he had come, and memory softly stealing brought him the days of his youth, the pleasant places of his childhood.

"I will go back!" he cried passionately. But the dense growth of foliage arrested his footsteps: the way of return was a vast impenetrable thicket. He cast his eyes into the tangle of weeds and vines. Could this be in truth the very road whence he had fared so easily—the road of but a moment hence, seemingly so free and open?

Should he, then, since the way of return was closed, seek to join his late companions? He moved a step forward—but his feet refused to carry him. Illusion was past; even Desire had fled. He could not overtake the company of the light-hearted—he did not wish to. What, then, remained?

"We remain." The words sounded solemnly on his ear in answer to his thought. Before his troubled vision stood two shrouded forms—majestic, terrible in their serenity.

"You may embrace me"—one figure unveiled its face. "I am Death and the End."

"Or me," responded the other. "I am Defeat and Despair."

Now the face of one shone with a great majesty, and that of the other was calm and passionless, so that for an instant the exhausted senses of the man yearned towards the invitation of their rest. Long he gazed, as only they who have lost fear not to gaze into those countenances of infinite repose. Surely nothing could be better than this.

Then slowly, as though taking leave of the things that are known, he cast his eyes around and above. Ah—bright, blue, undimmed, the sky smiled down above the Great Tangle! Far away but mighty in appeal a murmuring sound smote on his ear—the distant hum of toil. With one supreme effort the Man drew himself together.

"Life! Life—at any cost! I will have neither of you. I will make a way of return. I will reach the company of those who strive!" he cried.

"It were easier to embrace me," answered Death. "You have been apart so long—you are worthless—weak."

"And you cannot return—the way is long closed," echoed Despair.

"I will begin—I will join the toilers—I will work a way out—and if I do not reach my goal, Death may find me on the way," he declared bravely, and set his face towards the far away, busy haunts of men.

While the light lasted he worked, pulling with his hands at the tangled underbrush that stretched between him and the place where he would be; and he slept from happy weariness at night—for the nights came now. With the morning he found a bright-bladed axe which One had left in this place, and with its keen edge of resolution he cleared

a little space around him, working ever deeper and deeper into the heart of the Great Tangle.

By and by he grew to love all common things—the skies, the birds, the silent little people of the woods who came and watched him as he worked, shy denizens of the forest, whose friend he was. And as he penetrated ever deeper, deeper, lo, the faint, far-off ring of another axe.

Other workers, then, in the forest! With renewed vigor he swung his axe aloft, so that ere another nightfall One stole near and clasped his hand and blessed him that he had opened a way between. And by and by another came, and yet another; and to each he gave freely of his strength, pausing often in his work to whisper in the ear of him who faltered, or to hew down some thick tangle more stubborn than the rest, where other hands had failed.

And one sunny day there stole from the very heart of the woods a bright-faced habitant of the forest of endeavor, to dwell evermore close by his side—clear-eyed Courage he had won for his mate; so the shrouded shapes visited the man no more. And because he knew himself to be of the vast brotherhood that peopled the forest, and because of his mate, one day he raised his voice in song, and lo—from each tiny clearing other voices rose, at first timidly, till by and by a mighty chorus startled the little people of the woods and shook the topmost boughs of the Great Tangle.

So, happy in the soft, palpable darkness that wrapped him round of nights, alert and laboring on at break of day—the Man came to understand that he could never now, for lack of time and strength, break through the Great Tangle and reach the far-off goal of his desires. Yet that he was journeying thence, and that those whom he had moved to song labored in glad fellowship, were his sure recompense for all the way he had come.

Here the chronicle leaves him, nor does it tell what progress he made; but after his name was written—all that need be recorded—that this Man had made the attempt.



THE RAIMENT

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

SPRING hath put on a vest of velvet green,
And drawn around the shoulders of the hills
A purple cape of catkins and of furze—
And buttoned it with golden daffodils!

JIMMY EMMENCE, MATCH- MAKER OF CIRCLE N

By C. Cunningham

YES, sir, I seen trouble on the trail when that young woman commenced sort o' makin' up to Tod. Who? Him! Why, that feller's jest natcher'lly so 'customed to females throwin' theirselves at him that it don't jar him. Naw! You take them big, slab-sided, knowin'-eyed chaps like Tod—they've got a girl locoed before she can collect the weapons to defend herself.

Mebbe I am a little bit proud of Tod. Yes, I reckon that's right. Orta be, considerin' that I raised him from a yearlin'—in experience, I mean, 'cause he was about twenty when I corralled him. To hear him tell it, I'm the whole Circle N; and mebbe I have helped him right smart bossin' these yellor-skinned punchers. But Jimmy E. knows his place, and never till he got his gauntlets tangled up in a man's matermonial affairs did he ever get the downright hee-haw.

This here Vesper Lovatt—vesper! Kind o' bells, hain't they? That was her name, and, say, she was named right! Bells—that was her voice—none of your cow-bells, or them kind a-clangin' on a little, snortin', second-hand engine, but, say, them kind you used to hear, solemn and sweet and soft, when you lived on the out edge of the East, and used to set out for church a-carryin' your mawmaw's hymn-book. Soft and sweet, kind o' ticklin' your heart through your ears, as you might say. That girl must 'a' been a beauty out East, where candy clothes and pretty girls grow on every currant bush. But out here, where you don't see calico fer years at a stretch—only them no-good kind that hang out at the saloon shanties at Benton's Chance—well, when you see a girl—a *lady* girl, mind you—you jest want to eat that bunch o' honeysuckle at one bite.

But I knowed it wouldn't do no good fer her to try to brand Tod. He was too old a maverick. Why, all them dizzy-lookin' blondes that blows in from Canyon City by spells jest fair throwed theirselves at Tod, and he—Lord bless you!—he loved them all, indiscriminate, and then let 'em fight it out among theirselves. Wise boy, Tod!

Vesper's paw was a "lunger." He came out here for his health,

and Vesper and him boarded with Mrs. Frenchy Reniger, over at the P. & O. And me, bein' far-sighted and more up to the wiles o' women, could see that she liked the looks o' Tod very so-so.

One day, after the kid had been out a-ridin' with her on one of them long trips they used to take, I led him aside and perceeded to open up.

"Toddy," I says, slow and deliberate, some like hangin' a Greaser, "do you know that you're in danger."

He sort o' throwed his head up and slipped his ca'tridge belt a little looser onto his hip, and says he, some lively, "What do you mean, Jimmy?"

I see he was int'rested, all right. He's got them soft, deceivin', blue eyes that gets hard as gimlets when he's riled a little. Good-lookin' kid—his skin's white as a girl's under his felt, where the tan ain't never had a chance. Pretty much of a man, that kid—my, my, yes!

"Now, my laddie," I says, "you listen to me. You're too wise a boy to be roped in by a big pair of eyes and a soft little, gurglin' laff. Moreover," I continues, kind o' warm, "do I want a woman around this dug-out, bossin' my cookin' and hangin' calico over the bunks? Interferin' with my lawful and natcheral p'erogatives as your se'f-app'inted gardeen? Not if the court knows herself," I says, windin' up, "an' I know you won't stand for it, neither. It's jest your innocence," I says.

Well, he sure did look bewildered. "Meanin' what?" he inquires. Men are so thick-headed!

"Why, boy, Miss Vesper is spoony on you!"

That's jest the way I sprung it. Say, he straightened up and blushed like a girl, and the gimlets got into his eyes. I could see he was stirred up. He looked sassy enough to take a shot at somebody. And no wonder, when you think of it. Her settin' her cap for him, and him never dreamin' of it! Women take sich liberties—'nough to make a man mad. And he was plumb riled.

"Jimmy, I can't allow you to speak this way," he spits out. Then he continues, a bit calmer: "Why, Jimmy, old pard, you're 'way off. She wouldn't have me. Why do you think she might?"

"'Cause I'm an old bird, young goslin'," I says, pretty pert. "I know their ways. I was 'most married myself once. Now," I says, "I ain't a man to show a feller bein' a bear-trap and then not sight him to a way to git around it." Says I, "Sonny, your only salvation is turnin' her eyes to Hempden."

"Who?" he kind o' hollers. "That lunger?"

"Sure," I says; "he probably wants to git hitched—sickly people are always achin' to marry—gives 'em something new to

worry over, I reckon. He likes her, and she kind o' takes to him. Not like she does to you, though," I says, right hasty, wantin' to impress his danger on him thorough. "But we could encourage her. You talk to her about what a fine feller he is, and I'll kind o' jog his memory about what a bunch o' candied cherries she is. That'll do the business. Hundreds of love affairs start from no more than this."

"You speak as one havin' authority," smiles Mr. Smarty, and I see he took it some as a joke.

"I do," I answers, dignified, but with a creepin' shudder, "and if you'd been as near married as I was once, you'd look at it the same. I know what the danger is. The question is right here: do you want to be saved? And kin I depend on you to do your part?"

"You bet yer life, Jimmy. Thank you for puttin' me next the facts," and he grabbed my hand and shook it till his gratitude was plumb painful.

"You really think you are right about it—that she is learnin' to care for me?" he says, anxious-like. I could see he was right scared that she was layin' to rope him.

"I know it," I whispers, low and impressive. "But leave it to me, Tod, and keep a lookout for yourself. Work the Hempden racket fer all it's worth."

"I will, and thank you, Jimmy. You're certainly a friend," he says, and so we goes on our two trails for the day.

Well, Tod he went over to the P. & O. right often after that, and I seen him and her ridin' out and talkin' earnest. Once he says to me, hesitatin' and feelin' delicate about it as a man as is a man will feel when girls is fallin' in love with him and he can't return it—he says:

"Jimmy, I believe you're right. I believe she cares."

"Right!" I jolts out, indignant. "Right! I should say I was right. You can't throw salt on an old bird's tail, Toddy. Why, if I'd 'a' let you alone, innocent and trustin', she'd 'a' been here in a month more, cookin' your bacon and turnin' her nose up at the canned stuff. And me, your natcheral pertacter," I says, trimmin' the language up to match my feelin's—"where'd I be? Sleepin' beneath the pale stars o' heaven," I says, "while you was readin' po'try to Lovey. Ain't that picher enough?" I demands.

Tod he give a deep sigh and murmurs, "Horrible!" in a kind of absent-minded way. I see I had him goin'—his mind was dwellin' on the situation powerful strong.

The next day I meets this Hempden. He boarded at the P. & O.—it was quite a hang-out for lungers. We pulled up and passed the word o' greetin', like two Western gents, and he opens up:

"I was hopin' to run across Miss Lovatt out here somewhere. She's gone riding, and I have missed her."

"Well, I ain't seen nothin' of her," I replies, easy and genteel, "but if I do I'll rope her in and lead her over to you if you'll leave your address."

"Oh, don't trouble," he says; "I suppose I'll meet with her on the trail."

"No trouble at all, jest plain duty," I answers, careless-like, loosenin' my felt offen my brow. "She's certainly a fine lump of a female; if ever a bunch o' calico held a armful o' good looks, I reckon her'n does!" I don't know where I get them Eastern manners o' mine—never was past the Arizon' line in my life—but they jest seem to come natcheral to me. Fact!

Well, he brightened up a powerful sight, and says, "Indeed, indeed, you are right, Mr. Emmence," he says; "she reminds me of——" and his eyes got kind o' dreamy and his voice trailed off to nothing. You could see he was thinkin' o' her and jest dead gone on her.

"Nothin' like the soft hand of a female to soothe a feller's brow and cook his beans, is there, Mr. Hempden?" I says, kind o' sentimental. I had to keep up my end of the deal, you understand.

Well, sir, I thought he was goin' to cry right there. It made me feel kind o' low. I broke away and left him a-settin' there facin' the East. He hadn't no call to be down-in-the-mouth; he was gettin' well mighty fast. I reckon love allus makes a weakly feller more or less woozy! Some strong ones, too—I well remember I was 'most married, myself, once.

I reckon I kept meetin' him accidental that way fer a month, lots o' times him and the girl ridin' together. And, say, but she was nice to me! She kind o' caught on, I reckon, that I was makin' the path straight fer her to love somebody that wanted her. She was a beaut, all right. And a nice girl, too! I used to feel sneakin' to think I couldn't marry her to nothin' better than a lunger. But there was only him and Tod and some sixty Greasers. And I ask anybody, in all fairness, could I marry that there girl to a Greaser? So you see jest how things sized up.

Tod was over there 'most every day to the P. & O., puttin' in flowery language for Hempden's cause. And every time I met the lunger, accidental that way, I fed fresh green talk into him about the soothin' hand o' females, him seemin' to like it powerful well.

And yet things didn't seem to be comin' to a show-down. I seen I had to shove that Hempden along. He'd be gettin' well, first thing I'd know, and goin' back East without her.

So one day I sauntered into his room at the P. & O., and surprised

him kissin' a photygraph. "That looks better," I thinks; "he's got her picher, but dog-take a man that'll kiss a picher when the 'riginal is in the same State. He ain't got the spunk of a coyote."

Well, we chats along, and chats along, easy, and finally he says, real animated-like: "Mr. Emmence, do you see that pile o' lumber out there in the yard?"

I had noticed a pile o' logs and boards as I come in. I s'posed the P. & O. was goin' to build an addition to the ranch house. It was some small for them, considerin' Mrs. Frenchy was always boardin' lungers.

He continues: "I'm a-goin' to throw a little shack together, Mr. Emmence. It will be small, but I shall endeavor to make it comfortable. I am a very happy man. I suppose you know what that means," he says, smilin' away. He looked as tickled as a pup with an old gum-boot. But I'm here to state that he wasn't no joyfuller than I was.

"Good!" I says. "I'm glad to hear the good tidin's. I been wantin' fer some whiles to ask you when you was goin' to tie up."

"Tie up?" he says, puzzled like.

"Get married," I explains.

"Married?" he repeats, kind o' excited and surprised. "What do you mean?"

"Why, ain't you figgerin' on marryin' Miss Vesper Lovatt, late of Pennsylvaney?" I questions, irritated, him actin' like a blasted dummy that way.

"I'm certainly not," he snaps.

Say, I was floored.

"You hain't, huh?" I jerks out, pretty powerful mad, too, if you want to know. "I'd like to bet you ten thousand dollars you are." I gently pulled out my good old Colt's and laid it handy across my knee. "Young man," I says, "do you think I've been a-boostin' this here match along for two months, wastin' elequence on you about that girl's fine points, to have you back out at the show-down. Not so's you kin notice it—'less you're a powerful close observer! You're goin' to be a blissful bridegroom, if it's necessary to fill you full of holes to make you see things that way." I meant it, too.

Well, you should have seen him. He was *mad*.

"You eighteen kinds of a blasted idiot!" he hollers, grabbin' up that photygraph and shovin' it into my line of vision. "That's a picher of my wife and two children," he shouts, "that's a-comin' out here next month. Does that filter through your boiler-iron-plated brain-pan? What do you think I am—a Mormon?"

I will pass over this scene rapid-like. Even yet the memory of his unchaste language sort o' jolts me. I orta picked off his eyebrows

with my six-shooter, but I didn't. Some way, I hadn't the feelin' of joyousness and freedom from care that a man ort rightly to feel when he gits playful that way. I hid that gun away and sneaked out of the ranch house with hangin' head.

I leave it to anybody, now, if this wasn't a howdy-do. I was crushed, winded; I felt measlier than a Greaser. After all my labors, here was that designin' female turned loose on the community, seekin' who she could devour. And the worst of it was, you dasn't rightly call her "designin'." Them kind never does any harm—it's them innocent, starry-eyed, trustin' ones that makes a man's heart swell up to the size of an eight-gallon feed-bucket. And when I thought of Tod, and him so handsome and unsuspectin', I jest groaned. You see, I was 'most married, myself, once.

I climbed up over the hill layin' south of the P. & O., and reckoned I'd find a seelooded nook where I could sort o' pull myself together. I jest dragged along, no heart in me, lookin' like a motherless calf, and gazin' aimless-like around. All of a sudden I come around a bend in the trail, and, say! what was in my range jest natcher'lly froze my blood.

There they set—her and Tod. They was readin' out of a book. She had her cap offen her head, and her cheek laid up against his'n. You couldn't 'a' slipped a straw between 'em. He had his arm around her shoulders, and was snuggled up against her hair as if he liked it!

I guess I must have made some horrible kind of a sound. Any way, they broke loose. Her face reddened like the sky above a prairie fire, and she looked kind of ketched-up and helpless. But that nervy Tod jest sa'ntered up to me, smilin' and handsome and easy.

"Well, Jimmy, old pardner," he says, "I didn't intend to spring this so sudden, but you might as well know it now. Vesper has promised to marry me."

"No apologies is necessary," I says, backin' off and wavin' my hand kind of careless and grand. "Lovely day! Well, I guess I'll be movin'."

I s'pose he seen I was plumb floored. My knees was tremblin' under me. I was some riled, too, and don't you forget it!

Jest as I turned away, that girl give a little sufferin' cry. First thing I knowed she was snugglin' a little, warm hand into my big paw and leanin' her head right on my shoulder.

"Oh, Jimmy," she cries, "you're not angry with us, are you? Am I to come between my love and his best friend? Jimmy, you're all the father Tod has known; won't you—won't you wish me joy?"

She had my hand up to her soft, red mouth, and a big tear fell

right on my wrist. The wind switched a long, loose curl of her shining hair across my eyes.

Say, ever been a *fool*? A big, unmitigated, soft-hearted, tremble-legged yap? Well, put my name down *there*! Tod says I cried, too, and kissed her. I know I didn't. But many's the time since that day that I've kissed little Jimmy—their oldest. Yes, sir, her doin's—named after me!



SPRING MORNING

BY MARY BYERLEY

UP from the delved earth
 Low murmurs rise;
 Little green growing things
 Lift now their tiny wings
 Of leaves so proudly,
 Longing for paradise,
 The Sun, in their mirth.

And how He joys with them,
 Coaxes them, urges them
 Into these little low murmurs of growth;
 Little green growing things
 Need such tremendous wings
 For reaching up to Him,—
 Sun, Heaven—both.

Oh, for the longing,
 And stretching, and reaching,
 O'er shapely hill and vale,
 All the bright hours
 In wheat-stalk and jonquil shoot,—
 Wood-ferns,—wee grasses, mute
 In budding powers.

Soul, feel spring burgeonings!
 Heart, sprout thy tiny wings
 Of hope, fresh and delicate, tender yet strong.
 Reach out to far-off skies,
 There where thy soul-sun lies,—
 Rise up to God, the great
 Content of song.

WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND
CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC

ACCOMMODATING THE STORK

THERE is a wealth of significance in the report that Seattle is to have an apartment house designed exclusively for tenants with children. Unless you can exhibit a family of youngsters, no credentials of pedigree or bank account will avail to gain you admittance. A certificate from Dr. Stork is the only open-sesame.

The geniuses who have combined to stake their money on this unconventional enterprise are said to be two capitalists, each of whom is himself the unblushing possessor of a large family. This bit of intelligence is presumably given out to account in a measure for their reckless indifference to the prevailing public sentiment fostered by the old maids of both sexes. But, however this may be, they are undoubtedly men of prolific brains and big ideas, and Seattle may well plume itself upon the distinction of owning the first and only stork apartment house in America.

Of course the building of this abode for the accommodation of married people who prefer having children to poodle dogs is merely a stroke of business enterprise. There cannot be any sentiment about it. Apartment houses are not built upon foundations of that sort. Whenever you venture beyond the Fifth Avenues of Vanity Fair you are bound to find parents who have small children and who want some place to keep them. Each year it is becoming more difficult for these luckless tribes to gain admittance to flats or rented houses. Hence the sagacity of capitalizing their predicament and erecting a roof for their special and exclusive shelter. "Ill blows the wind that profits nobody," says Shakespeare, plagiarizing some ancient wit, and two wise gentlemen of Seattle have had the originality to say "Amen."

It stands to reason that nobody of polite nerves wants children in a house. They are so likely to make a noise, and there is no telling when they may kick holes in the wall or smear molasses on the newel post. They are not adjustable to modern culture and Cloisonné bric-à-brac. Children, bloodhounds, and other rough animals were never intended for the domiciles of thoroughbred society. Malthus endeavored to teach us this a hundred years ago, but, like all theoretical

saviors, he would have done the world more good by cultivating potatoes. The world never plays mother to a reform, whether it be in morals or in plumbing, upon the *ipse dixit* of a prophet. It was the bicycle, and not Jenness Miller, that taught women to wear sensible skirts. And it was not Malthus, but the servant girl, who opened the eyes of Fashion to the folly of raising families.

Even in far-off Los Angeles—the City of the Angels—with the bloom of maternal wholesomeness still upon it, home-seeking parents are obliged to make way with their offspring before they can hope to find a furnished house for rent. “Adults only” is the disheartening appendix to the description of every house that promises to be the very place for which you, as the guilty head of a band of youthful ruffians, may be looking. Sending your little girls to play in the graveyard and telling the skittish house-owner with tears in your eyes that the only children you ever had are now in yon cemetery will not do. The trick worked for a while, but it has been overdone to the verge of scandal.

No, your only alternative is to follow the example of Hop-o'-my-Thumb's resourceful sire and take your brood off into the woods and run away from them; or, if you have the money, buy a house or build one of your own. Failing in this, your last resource now is to go to Seattle.

Verily, Seattle is become America's city of refuge. It has laid the foundations of a fortress that will make it mighty among the habitations of the earth. Indeed, it is building better than it knows. In its present achievement it rests modestly content with the knowledge that it has beaten all of its Pacific-coast competitors, from Everett, Washington, to San Diego, California, as a booster of population. An apartment house for children! Truly, it is a master card in the contest for civic supremacy. But it is something more than this; something greater and farther reaching than a mere stroke of business enterprise: it is a stroke of genius; an inspiration.

CLIFFORD HOWARD

OVERWORKED WORDS

I N a period not too remote to be reverted to by the middle-aged without seriously taxing the memory, words were generally used by persons of average intelligence with some regard to their value or fitness, because they expressed an emotion or a thought, or even a certain shade of thought. Perhaps, indeed, the speech of that earlier time was more or less influenced by the literature of the day. Then, instead of an overwhelming flood of books and periodicals of

the lighter sort, the reading world in America looked forward eagerly to the last volume or essay from the pen of Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, Motley, or Holmes, masters of style who still felt the dominating influence of that period in English literature which may be called the golden age of prose writing, as that of an earlier queen is regarded as the apotheosis of poetry and the drama.

Be this as it may, we have departed from the faith of our fathers, and have fallen to worshipping strange gods. Fashion rules in speech as in dress, in household furnishing, and in table appointments. As the hat and coat that we wear to-day are foredoomed to speedy effacement, so are the words upon our lips.

In the more exact speech of an earlier day, the word "attractive" stood chiefly for charm in womankind, being an equivalent for the more subtle and expressive French "*attrayant*." Of late everything has been attractive, from an Italian garden to an American game of football; from the bloom upon a lady's cheek to the slipper upon her dainty foot, or the autocar in which she is whirled through space. She, and her less fortunate sister in the ranks of the toilers, use the same expressions, for our fashions in speech are nothing if not universal. The shop-girl behind the counter tells her comrade that she has been to an attractive dance, at which ice cream was served galore, while the customer upon whom she waits finds the ribbons spread before her attractive, and buys them galore.

The good old word "strenuous," expressive and appropriate in its proper place, is called into active service in season and out of season. This word doubtless owes its resuscitation to its perfectly legitimate use by a chief magistrate who daily and hourly exemplifies its meaning, and for the time being everything is strenuous that is not attractive or compelling, from the first season of the *débutante*, to which the adjective may often be fitly applied, to the sweeping of a room.

One of the inconveniences attending our modern fashion in words is that excellent, valuable expressions are avoided by those who tread carefully among the parts of speech, and are unwilling to indulge in what may be regarded as popular slang. It is quite possible that the overworked expressions of to-day, after some years of rest and seclusion, may in due time emerge from obscurity, and take their old places in the world of letters. In the mean time, what particular expressions are destined to become the idols of the passing hour? As it may soon be prohibitive for us to find any one or anything attractive or compelling, shall we, reverting to that most expressive old-fashioned word "alluring," bring it into the arena to lead the strenuous life of its predecessors, or shall we treat our language with the respect that it deserves, and once more give to words their proper values?

Remembering the sources of a language whose roots lie deep in the

history and traditions of nations and religions, shall we try to keep that "well of English undefyled" in which Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Addison wrote; which is embalmed in the Bible of King James and in the Book of Common Prayer, in the eloquence of Burke and in the wit of Sydney Smith; in which the grim humor of Swift and the delicate fancies of Lamb gained adequate expression, and in which English Spurgeon and American Phillips Brooks found words in which to frame a message to reach the heart of humanity? Shall we keep this "well of English undefyled," or shall we cheapen and coarsen its stately and gracious words in order to fit them to the uses of an age of gold and a life of rapid transit and rapid speech, in which there seems to be small space for thought, for the graces of life or the charm of expression?

ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON

A BILLION A YEAR FOR RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT

J. J. HILL, the most expert railway man in America, says that within a few years we must have \$5,500,000,000 for railway construction and equipment.

The nominal capitalization of our steam railways is about \$14,000,000,000. The cost has been placed as low as \$11,000,000,000—and the present worth at less. This last estimate makes no allowance for value of franchises nor for increased increment on terminal facilities, which have become the most expensive features of railway construction. The normal figure is more than one-eighth of the property of the United States, as officially estimated. These railways earn \$2,000,000,000 a year, one-fourth of which is from passenger traffic. One billion five hundred million dollars results from freight carried at an average cost of less than one cent per ton per mile.

Transportation is perhaps the greatest factor in modern life. Railway rates affect every human being, because they deal so largely with the cost of living. Mr. Cassatt spent several hundreds of millions of dollars in his seven years as president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and about one hundred millions was for straightening the line, reducing the curves, and laying extra tracks, in order to lower by the minute fraction of one-tenth of one cent the cost of carrying a ton of freight. Exact figures are not obtainable, but out of the billion demanded every year by railways probably one-third is for improvement. This means not only better tracks, but larger cars and locomotives, quicker service by signals, and easier methods of disposing

of freights at terminals. Last year a great railway averaged only a little more than one cent for hauling a ton of coal three miles, and then had to haul back the empty cars for nothing.

This demand for a billion dollars for extensions and improvements, with an increasing budget each year, shows the tremendous responsibilities of railway managers. No prominent road in the country is now able to keep up with traffic demands. One reason for creating the Steel Trust was Mr. Carnegie's threat to build a four-track railway from Pittsburg to the sea as straight and level as money, engineering, and geology would permit. Yet in the last six years the railways radiating from Pittsburg spent almost as much as the threat involved. Increased facilities have justified the expenditure.

Business everywhere is so enormous that freight rates are almost the controlling factor. Rates have been manipulated dishonestly to serve favored interests, wherefore the people have demanded, and have to a degree secured, laws which should put all on an equal footing. No rebates, no secret preferences—that is the demand of the law. The people grant railway franchises, provide the money. They demand control of a prime necessity of life. They are to an extent getting it now, will get it hereafter in greater measure.

JOSEPH M. ROGERS

HOUSEHOLD DECORATION

A CELEBRATED author once declared that there were only two kinds of taste, viz, good and bad, forgetting that there is no acknowledged standard, and that the taste prevalent to-day may be discarded to-morrow.

Even designating names become obsolete, so that "old-fashioned," a term of reproach in the last century, becomes a note of admiration in this; while the French *démodé* takes its place to describe the changed opinion of present-day taste.

Taste is usually educated opinion, the standard of excellence being raised by some acknowledged authority whose dictates are blindly followed; but when that banner falls, or is captured by a rival, the multitude deserts in a body to the new leader, proclaiming his excellence of taste to the exclusion of all others.

Variations in taste in architecture or home decoration move slowly. The early settlers in America brought with them inherited fashions. The Hollanders did not arrive as waifs or strays, as did the New England colony, but under the protection of a wise government, and were a well-to-do community, with every comfort that money could provide. They carried in their ship the "Goode Vrouw" all materials necessary

for building their houses, even to tiles for the decoration of their fire-places. Hence their houses were counterparts of those in the Netherlands, and in excellent taste.

Wherever there was a Huguenot settlement the French taste prevailed, but it was too often that of the working class and not of the palace.

In the colonies settled by the English the taste first imported from the mother country had little charm. There was none of the domestic utility combined with beauty seen in the homes of New Amsterdam, but rather a homely use of ready-to-hand materials, with little regard to beauty of shape or color.

As the colonists became richer the homes of the well-to-do reflected a different aspect; each locality was dominated by inherited tastes, so by the middle of the eighteenth century beautiful homes had sprung up everywhere—homes still regarded as models, whether in the Carolinas, Virginia, or further north.

While building contour and construction may safely be left in the hands of an architect, interior decoration is within the province of any educated amateur, and here individuality may well be expressed. A knowledge of the laws governing the combination of colors is requisite, as well as the value of pictures, tapestries, or bibelots as decorations. A preference for the discarded or copied furniture of sixteenth-century French *salons* is now the popular taste, probably because quantities of gaudy and gilded furniture crowd the shops, so that ignorant people fancy that they cannot stray from the realms of good taste when decorating their homes with the mimicked finery of olden palaces. The incongruity of the old furniture with such surroundings does not strike them.

By slow degrees British workmen have realized that French standards have been carried through their ranks to American shops, so that cherished models of the creations of Hepplewhite, Chippendale, Sheraton, or Adam were unappreciated. Now English commercial spirit is aroused and is trying to win customers to their standard of taste.

While China claims for her marble-seated chairs a unique excellence, India sends exquisitely carved wooden furniture to tempt unwary buyers, and Japan's lacquer and embroidered screens vie with the Mission furniture of the United States as candidates for favor—each with a quality of good taste unique in itself.

But it is questionable whether the *prevalent* style is good taste, and if a standard of excellence has been reached when a house of so-called Colonial architecture has a parlor filled with French furniture, a hall with Mission chairs and clock, a dining-room crammed with Sheraton sideboards and Hepplewhite tables, while the floors of all the rooms are strewn with oriental rugs covering home-made

carpets, and every corner is filled with odds and ends of unassorted china, glass, and brass, collected from all parts of the world via the department stores.

Uniformity is not the taste of the day, since incongruity rules—greatly to the despair of those who look deeply enough into existing conditions, wishing to alter and refine them. But the day is not far distant when people generally will study the conditions under which their furniture and decorations are produced, and will hesitate before converting their homes into mere museums, depositories of rubbish, but will select surroundings that will fittingly frame the occupant of the house.

MRS. JOHN KING VAN RENSSELAER.



IN THE COUNTRY WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE

BY ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT

A FAR in the misty distance,
Quite hidden from curious view,
The home of my heart is waiting
In the Country where Dreams come True.

Its walls are not bricks and mortar,
But shapely and perfect it grew;
For fancies are firm foundations
In the Country where Dreams come True.

Oh, it is n't a stately mansion;
There's only just room for you;
But there's many a precious jewel
In the Country where Dreams come True.

When the nights are long in passing,
And days are vexatious, too,
I think of the treasure waiting
In the Country where Dreams come True.

Then the darkest night grows golden,
For I'm living alone with you
In the home that my heart selected,
In the Country where Dreams come True.



MRS. SAVUM'S BANK ACCOUNT

Mrs. Savum, after due consideration, determined to open a bank account and pay all her bills by check. She tested this decision on Mr. Savum one morning, and was rewarded by "That's a very commendable idea;" so a day or two afterwards Mrs. Savum dropped into a bank and started a check account. Her trophies of the day, a neat, clean bank-book and a packet of prettily engraved checks, were shown to Mr. Savum in the evening.

"To-morrow morning," remarked Mrs. Savum, "I am going shopping with Mrs. Buyley. Just think how convenient it will be to drop into the bank and get some ready money."

Mrs. Savum and Mrs. Buyley shopped the next day until late in the afternoon. The former finally decided that she would purchase a piece of dress-goods which had attracted her.

"I have n't the money with me," she explained to Mrs. Buyley, "and I have n't an account with this store. Would you mind going to the bank with me?"

Mrs. Buyley agreed. They got into a cab, and when the bank was reached Mrs. Savum stepped from the vehicle and gazed in amazement at the barred doors.

"Why," she gasped, "the bank is closed!"

"I could have told you that, ma'am," ventured the cab-driver. "Most banks close at three o'clock, you know."

Mrs. Savum, determined to secure that particular piece of dress-goods, hurried down-town with Mr. Savum the next morning. She arrived at the bank. It was locked up tight.

Walnuts and Wine

"Can you tell me if this bank is to be closed all day?" she asked a pedestrian.

The man took out his watch.

"It will be open in about half an hour," he explained. "A great many banks open at nine o'clock. This particular bank does n't start until ten."

Mrs. Savum confided to her husband the following morning that she intended to withdraw her account from the bank.

"A bank account is a very handy thing to have," she admitted, "but, for some reason or other, I've never been able to arrive at the bank when it was open. I am going down this afternoon and cash a check for the entire amount of my deposit."

Mr. Savum suggested that she give the bank another trial, but Mrs. Savum was obdurate. She reached the bank at two o'clock that afternoon and started up the steps. Then she noticed that strong iron gates barred further progress. The bank was closed. Mrs. Savum saw a policeman near-by, and she appealed to him.

"Is that bank ever open?" she inquired testily.

"Well, ma'am, you see this is Saturday," explained the policeman, "an' the bank closes at noon."

Mrs. Savum went home in an unsettled frame of mind. Monday morning he left home shortly after ten o'clock and reached the bank a little before noon. She stood in front of the building. From her eyes blazed the fire of a woman scorned as she read defiantly:

LEGAL HOLIDAY
BANK CLOSED ALL DAY

Perrine Lambert

A CARNEGIE COURTSHIP

By Peter Pry Shevlin

"I can read your heart like a book," he cried.

"On a library of love can I count?"

"I will give my affections," the maid replied,

"If you'll raise an equal amount!"

WHO KNOWS?

An acquaintance whose children had reached the inquisitive age said he never liked to reply "I don't know" to a child's question. I wonder what answer he would have given to my small son, who sat up in bed and called sleepily: "Muvver, why is there no end to counting?"

Helen Sherman Griffith

Walnuts and Wine

INSPIRATION

By Nathan Haskell Dole

The iridescent colors on the billows,
The distant sails like wings of sun-bathed gulls,
The pearly clouds as soft as angels' pillows,
The changing beauty that my spirit *ulls—bulls—culls—dulls—*
(oh, yes!)
The changing beauty that no discord dulls!

Awake, my soul, and thrill with new emotion,
Drink in the glory of this summer morn!
Forth speed across the boundless, changeless ocean,
Forget the world and all its cruel *orn—born—corn—horn—scorn.*
Forget that thou wast ever mortal born. (No, this is better!)
Forget the world and all its cruel scorn!

Free as a bird and swift as lurid lightning
Fly forth, fly forth and find some kindred soul;
Like stars that meet in space and, doubly-bright'ning,
Pursue their loving way through spaces *ole—bole—cole—dole—*
foal—goal—(hurrah!)
Pursue one way to some immortal goal!

LIKE-MINDED

Dorothy: "I call Charlie Adams awfully soft, don't you?"
Agnes: "Yes, I call him down."

J. Collins

MUTUAL FEARS

At a private musicale in New York, given by a prominent society woman, there were present a number of American composers, among them Victor Herbert.

In the absence of one of the singers scheduled to appear, a certain young woman was asked to sing something of Herbert's. After many objections and protestations, evidently for effect, the young woman finally made her way to the piano.

"I shall sing the serenade from Mr. Herbert's opera of that name," said she, addressing the company generally. Then, in a whisper to Herbert, she added:

"But, oh, Mr. Herbert, I'm so afraid I can't sing it!"

"Never mind," responded Herbert reassuringly; "I am, too."

E. T.

Walnuts and Wine

ENGLISH AS SPOKE

A cockney solicitor who was characteristically mixed in the use of his h's happened to meet one of the wits of the American bar. The Englishman, commenting on the legal profession of New York, said that its members were proficient and learned, but that they were absolutely ignorant on the subject of "hentails."

"Ah!" said the American. "My dear sir, we may be ignorant of the 'hentail,' but our knowledge of the 'cocktail' is unsurpassed."

Will C. Scott, Jr.

A NATURAL CONCLUSION

Father: "Young Smollet is studying 'Watts on the Intellect.' He is going to be a preacher."

Robby: "I am going to be a doctor, father. Will I have to study what's on the stomach?"

E. S. Johnson

BABY, 2 P. M.

By Mary E. Killilee

A tangled mass of sunny curls,
A rosy mouth with glistening pearls,
Sweet wondering eyes of heaven's own hue,
Like violets wet with morning dew—

That 's baby!

A rounded little velvet cheek,
With dimples playing hide and seek;
Two arms that 'round my neck are laid
To measure love were surely made—

That 's baby!

A tired head that droops full soon,
A drowsy nod, a sleepy croon;
The deep-fringed eyelids downward creep,
And some one 's in the land of sleep—

That 's baby!

SAME BABY, 2 A. M.

What sound is this that shatters night,
And puts sweet sleep to headlong flight?
A screaming mouth fills most the space
Allotted to the human face—

That 's baby!

Walnuts and Wine



Man's Greatest Pleasure

His truest gratification, everywhere in the civilized world, is in the use of

PEARS' SOAP

Cleansing—soothing—invigorating, it gives a freshness and beauty to the skin, a glow of health to the body—satisfying beyond expression.

Matchless for the Complexion



OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

The neighbors' windows downward dash,
Profanity in every crash;
While infant fingers tear my hair
Until in spots my scalp is bare—
That 's baby!

With visage puffed and sorely clawed,
With eyes that smart from being "pawed,"
How can I face the "boys" to-day
And hear the grinning idiots say,
"How 's baby?"

TWO ON THE BISHOP

The Bishop of — dresses in the style of an English prelate, wearing, among other Anglican garments, a soft hat with the brim looped up with silk cords. One day, when travelling on a D. & H. train, he had for a fellow-passenger a drunken man whose language reeked of the pit. Finally the conductor came to the man and told him to be quiet, adding as an inducement: "There's the Bishop of — in the car."

The fellow leered at the bishop a moment, and then said triumphantly: "I don't care. Bishop or no Bishop, he 's as drunk as I am; he 's got his shoestrings in his hat!"

On another occasion, while the bishop was riding in a stage-coach on a Sunday morning to visit a rural mission, he observed men busily working in the hay-fields.

"Why, Pat," said he to the driver, "are there no Christians in this part of the country?"

"Not a one, bishop," was the response. "There are some 'Piscolopians down in the hollow, but divil a Christian!"

Charles Lee Sleight

POSTPONED

When the lady from next door called to complain of Tommy for the persecution of her pet cat, she found the youthful offender sitting on the front steps.

"I want to see your father!" she exclaimed.

"You can't see pa now," the boy replied.

"I shall see him instantly," the lady insisted, advancing.

"All right," the little fellow agreed, opening the front door and slipping out of arm's length. "Walk right up-stairs. You 'll find pa in the bath-room, takin' a bath."

James True



Every New Day

Should bring to you the simple joy of living—the opportunity to do—to achieve.

The birthright of every man, woman, and child is success—the power to think—to act; the capacity for continued, concentrated, successful work.

It is a well established fact that the quality of brain and muscle depends upon the food you eat.

Don't keep a rickety, unproductive thinker.

Change food!

Grape-Nuts

is scientifically prepared—contains the certain necessary elements that will build back mental and physical health, and the new feeling from a 10 days' trial will prove the fact to you.

“There's a Reason”

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

THE WRONG INFERENCE

A Hartford man tells this good story of Mark Twain.

One day a friend met the humorist on the street. He was carrying a cigar box under his arm. Stopping Mr. Clemens, the friend said:

"Clemens, I am afraid you 're smoking too much."

"Oh, it is n't that," explained the humorist; "the fact is, I 'm moving again."

Edwin Tarrisse

DRAMATIC APPRECIATION

One night last spring a stock company was playing "Othello" to a large and enthusiastic audience. At the point in the fifth act where Othello cries, "It is too late!" and smothers Desdemona with a pillow, the audience was aroused to a high pitch of excitement. Suddenly a burst of convulsive laughter pealed down from the gallery. Othello at first paid no attention to the disturbance and went on with his lines: "Not dead! not yet quite dead!" when another and more uproarious guffaw, coupled with the contagious giggling of a hundred women, struck terror to the hearts of the actors and made the continuance of the performance impossible. Othello arose in a rage, strode down stage, and called the curtain.

Next morning, while the leading man was at breakfast, the waitress who brought his dishes whispered apologetically: "Perhaps I am to blame for the trouble at the play last night, sir."

"How is that?" inquired the actor with a frown, for he had just finished reading the morning paper and had received a severe blow to his pride.

"I 'm awfully sorry, sir," she replied, "but really I could n't help laughing. If there 's anything tickles me, it 's a pillow fight!"

Dwight Spencer Anderson

THE HOUSE TERRIBLE

By Edith Brownell

This living in a house is fraught
With dangers! Only think
How very startling it would be
To see the kitchen sink!

The paper on the wall might frieze;
And would n't there be scolding
If mother, some fine morning, should
Detect her picture moulding?

Walnuts and Wine

Rambler

A Medium Weight Touring Car

*Handsome Appearance, Stable Construction
and Scientifically Correct Design*

Including more distinctive and practically valuable features than ever before combined in one model.

Motor—4 cylinder vertical, 25-30 horse power.

Clutch—The new *Rambler* balanced cone.

Transmission—A special design of the progressive sliding type from which every unpleasant feature has been eliminated.

Final Drive—Propeller shaft with adjustable roller bearings.

Rear Axle—Floating type with ball and roller bearings.

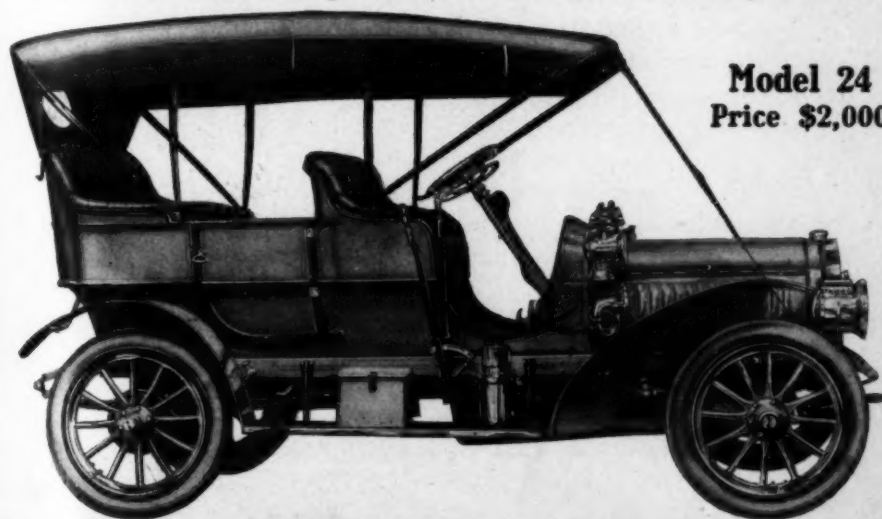
These are but a few of the good points and an examination will convince you that it is the greatest proposition ever offered.

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Thomas B. Jeffery & Company



Model 24
Price \$2,000

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Walnuts and Wine

Suppose, for some crime they had hid,
The curtains should be hung;
Or the tea-bell commit suicide
By wringing out its tongue!

The kettle, too, might have a boil,
Or else some great potater
Might get into a stew because
It thought the nutmeg grater.

And then, on top of all these woes,
How vexing, maddening, too,
Should the plate-rail suddenly at one;
Or the chandel-leer at you!

Our very windows have their panes,
Our garments really shrink;
Oh, living in a house is fraught
With dangers! Only think!

HOSPITALITY

A traveller in Arkansas found it necessary to put up for the night at a miserable cabin whose sole occupant, a man of gaunt and hungry aspect, gave him cordial welcome.

When supper-time came they sat down to a single dish—potatoes, and not too many of them. The host pushed the dish over to the traveller.

"Take a tater, stranger," he said.

His guest politely took one, observing which his host pushed the dish back again before helping himself.

"Take some more, stranger," he urged.

His guest smiled and helped himself to one more.

But the host still seemed dissatisfied with the result, and, once more returning the dish, exclaimed:

"Take some more stranger—*take darned near all of them!*"

Arthur W. Beer

AN EXPLANATION

She presented herself at a fashionable wedding.

"Friend of the bride or the groom?" asked the usher.

"I am the fiancée of the organ-blower," she explained, blushing.

C. A. Bolton

Walnuts and Wine

Has it dawned on
you home?



A brighter day dawns for the housekeeper.
Sapolio makes home radiant - It brightens
the work and the worker - It always
"makes light" of housework.

SAPOLIO

CLEANS

SCOURS

POLISHES

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

SHE "DISREMEMBERED"

Aunt Chloe had been at her new place only a week, but during that time she had talked incessantly, to any of the household who would listen to her, of the many and divers virtues of her different husbands. "The husband I has now" did so and so; "the husband I had then" said this or that; "the ole man I has" and "the one I used to have" were words frequently upon her lips.

On Monday morning, when her mistress went into the laundry and found Aunt Chloe hard at work over the tub, but still holding forth on her husbands, she ventured the remark, "You talk so much about your husbands, auntie, that I am quite curious to know how many you have had."

"Why, this here man wot I has now, he's my second. I's only had *two*," was the ready reply.

The mistress passed on into the house, but an hour or so later found occasion to again go to the laundry. Upon her entry the old darky straightened up, and began to laugh softly to herself. Then, as she wiped the suds from her ample arms, she said:

"Miss Mollie, I sut'nly is a ol' fool. I do disremember so. You know you asked me a half-hour ago how many husbands I's had? And I said I's had *two*? Well, do you know, I's been married t'ree times? Dis here man, he's my third. I plumb forgot dat middle nigger."

Gertrude Joerissen

A MARTYR TO TRADE

A lady went into a butcher shop to order a roast of pork. She said to the clerk: "I am very particular about my meat. I want a good outside cut, tender and juicy. Now, can I depend on you to give me just what I want?"

"You can, madam," said the clerk impressively. "I'll cut it off myself."

M. Budd

A GOOD FIT

When General Mahone was president, general manager, and dictator of the Atlantic, Mississippi, and Ohio Railway, he made very free use of its facilities for his own benefit, and his wife, the charming Ottilie Mahone, was in no way behind her lord in ordering things about in any way that pleased her. Roswell Carter once asked General Mahone what the initials "A. M. & O." signified. He instantly replied:

"All Mine and Ottilie's."

Willard French

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Maytime Flowers

are not more welcome, after winter's cold and snows, than is **Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder** to the tender raw skin, roughened by the winds of early Spring, of the woman who values a **good** complexion, and to the man who shaves. In the nursery Mennen's **comes first**—the purest and safest of healing and soothing toilet powders.

Put up in **non-refillable boxes**, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover it's **genuine** and a **guarantee of purity**. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

Sample Free

Gerhard Mennen Co.

Newark, N. J.



Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets.



Walnuts and Wine

HER FATHER'S CHILD

A lawyer well known for his ready wit in adapting himself to circumstances and circumstances to his case has a young daughter who bids fair to be his match. Lucy was told she could have no more candy, and the dish was placed on a high shelf, out of the child's reach. Left alone in the room, Lucy pushed a chair to the shelf and climbed upon the chair. Just as she touched the dish her father entered.

"Why, what is papa's little girl doing?" he exclaimed.

"Getting a candy for papa," explained Lucy promptly.

L. D.

HE IS NOT ALONE

By J. L. S.

"My folks here at home are as queer as can be,"

Growled indolent, lazy-bone Sam.

"Have to go to my bed when not sleepy a bit,

An' have to git up when I am."

NO WONDER

Recently a Washingtonian in conversation with "Ollie" James, the gigantic and genial Congressman from Kentucky, made certain inquiries with reference to a mutual friend whom he had not seen for a number of years—a Colonel P., of the state mentioned.

"And how does my old friend, the colonel, spend his declining years?" asked the Washingtonian.

"Beautifully, sir, beautifully," answered James. "He has a fine farm, sir. And a string of trotters, sir. And a barrel of whiskey sixteen years old, and a wife of the same age, sir."

Penmaore Martin

A GENTLE HINT

Helen (shyly): "John, you should join the army."

John (very bashful): "Why, d-dearest?"

Helen (softly): "To learn what arms are for, John."

George Frederick Wilson

DOLLARS AND SENSE

Henry Clay had just announced to his wife that he would rather be right than be President.

"What salary does Wright get?" she asked thriftily.

J. M. Hendrickson

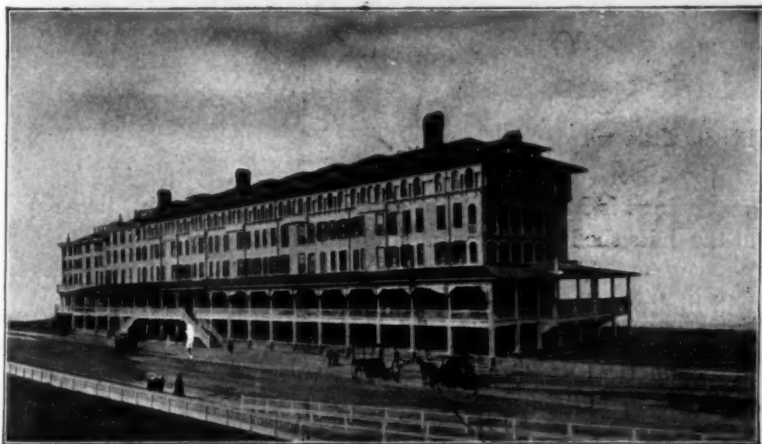
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ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

CENTRALLY LOCATED

OPEN ENTIRE YEAR



Golfing

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Driving

Horseback Riding

Roller Chair Riding on the Boardwalk

Booklet and Rates on Application

Leeds & Lippincott

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

THAT SLY LITTLE WISP OF A WIDOW

By L. W. Mitchell

Margaret's truly a pearl, and Maud is a beautiful girl;
They are dainty and dimpled, and wondrously wimpled,

But oh!

They can never compare, wherever they are,
Those girls and their curls,
With that sly little wisp of a widow I know—

Oh, no!

With that sly little wisp of a widow.

No man can account for her charm. She's a mole on her cheek, and
her arm

Is slim, and her shoulder—it's a cinch that she's older

Than Jo.

To copy her air débutantes despair;

With their beaux off she goes,

She does so—

This sly little wisp of a widow.

Great heiress is Madeline May, and all in her own right, they say;
But the duke she imported went straight off and courted—

Ha, ha!

Right under her nose—now who d' you suppose?

Guess, some one, for fun—

Ah, ah!

That sly little wisp of a widow!

THE FACULTY ENCORE

A member of the faculty of Yale tells of a student from the West who was "conditioned." It appears that his family was anxious as to the outcome, and telegraphed him for particulars when he came up for examinations. In reply the young man wired his father as follows:

Exams. splendid. Professors enthusiastic. They wish for a second in October.

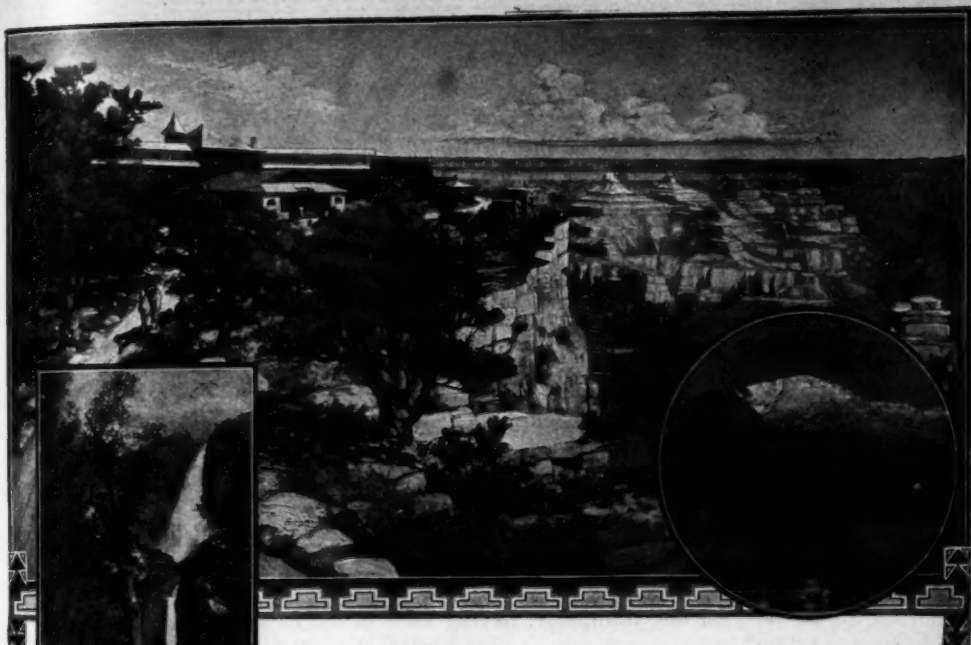
Reed Moyer

TO BE EXPECTED

"Adams made a fortune out of his connection with Tammany."

"Yes. I heard that all their silver has the hall-mark."

C. A. Bolton



Let me suggest an ideal summer vacation trip for you.

Go West and see the

Colorado Rockies

—the Switzerland of America

Grand Canyon of Arizona

—the world's wonder

California Sierras and Beaches

—it's cool there in midsummer

Very low excursion rates

Write for the following souvenir travel books:

"A Colorado Summer," "Titan of Chasms,"

"Yosemite Valley,"

"To California Over the Santa Fe Trail,"

"California Summer Outings."

They will be mailed absolutely free. You need only mention *this magazine* and say:
"Send me your vacation books."

Address W. J. Black, Passenger Traffic Manager, A. T. & S. F. Ry. System,
No. 1115-M Railway Exchange, Chicago.



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

THE ADVENTURE OF THE GNAT, THE GNU, AND THE GNOME

By Louise Ayres Garnett

A gnat once met a surly gnu
And a merry little gnome;
Said he: "I'm glad to speak to gyow,
And join gyow as gyow groam."

The gnu his teeth began to gnash,
The gnat began to gnaw,
Which did the merry gnome agbash
And make him quake with gaw.

"Don't fight," he begged; "it isn't gnice
To squabble and to sgnarl."
So the gnu and gnat, on the gnome's adgvice,
Patched up their silly gquar'l.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

A five-year-old youngster, having been punished for eating forbidden plum preserves, came to grandfather for consolation.

"And so she whipped you?" said the old man.

"Yes, she saw the seeds." A pause. "But she did n't see all of 'um; I swallowed one." Another pause. "Wisht I'd swallowed the rest."

Georgia C. Ward

HARD TO ANSWER

One day Robert Herrick, the novelist, was impressing upon his class in English literature, in the University of Chicago, the importance of reading what had been written with a purpose and had character and power. He contrasted forcefully such literature with the light, vapid, frivolous sort that seemed to appeal to such a large percentage of readers.

He then asked each student to tell him frankly which kind he was reading. After nearly all had confessed to something light, he came to a tall Westerner, who showed a tendency to evade the question.

"It can't be possible, I hope," said Herrick, "that you are not reading anything?"

"No, it is not that," replied the Westerner. "The fact is, I am reading your latest novel, and I can't decide to which class it belongs."

Carl T. Mattson

The Real Estate Trust Company

OF PHILADELPHIA

S. E. Corner Chestnut and Broad Streets

Capital, \$5,000,000

Receives Deposits of Money payable by check, and allows Interest thereon. Collects Interest, Dividends, and Income of all kinds whatsoever.

Receives for safe keeping securities and other valuables, and rents Safe Deposit Boxes in Burglar-proof Vaults. Buys, sells, and leases Real Estate in Philadelphia and its vicinity. Assumes general charge and management of Real and Personal Estates.

Executes Trusts of every description under the appointment of Courts, Corporations, and Individuals. Acts as Registrar or Transfer Agent for Corporations and as Trustee under Corporation Mortgages. Receives Wills for safe keeping without charge.

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Walnuts and Wine

HE WANTED THEM DEAD

Mrs. Black was to meet her husband at a certain store at one o'clock. After standing around for some time she grew very impatient, and, thinking that he might have forgotten to meet her, called him up on the 'phone at his place of business. Supposing that "central" had given her the right number, she exclaimed:

"Hello, Frank! Is that you? I'm *nearly* dead!"

"Well, madam, I think you have the wrong man. I'm an undertaker, and want them *all* dead!"

Charles A. Sidman

PROOF POSITIVE

By Cecilia A. Loizeaux

When little John was nearly seven
He went, by gasoline, to heaven.
His mother knows he's gone up higher
Because a burned child dreads the fire.

ALWAYS THUS

Hart: "I did Marks a favor."

Dart: "Well?"

Hart: "Now he tells everybody he worked me."

George Frederick Wilson

LET DOWN EASY

Little Fred was looking at the stars, which seemed to him a very long way off.

"Mamma," he said, "is Heaven up there?"

"Yes, dear," his mother replied.

"And did I come down from Heaven?"

"Yes, dear."

Freddy pondered a moment. "Did God let me down easy, mamma?" he said then, again looking up at the stars.

J. M. Sewell

WHAT THE AILMENT WAS

When Senator Hoar learned that a friend who they thought had appendicitis was in reality suffering from acute indigestion, he smiled genially. "Really," said he, "that's good news. I rejoice for my friend that the trouble lies in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."

Charles S. Gerlach

The New Ocean House

Swampscott, Mass.
right by the ocean.

Is delightfully and conveniently situated on the famous North Shore near Boston, where New England's most popular and beautiful summer resorts are located.

¶ The New Ocean House enjoys an unrivaled reputation, its patrons returning to it season after season.

¶ Less than thirty minutes by train from Boston, the New Ocean House is an ideal spot of recreation for the tired man of business and his family.

¶ Every care and facility is offered for the comfort, delight, and safety of its four hundred guests.

¶ The New Ocean House has many large and luxuriously appointed rooms arranged en suite with bath and modern improvements.

¶ The beach, opposite Hotel, is smooth and sandy where safe surf bathing may be enjoyed — no undertow.

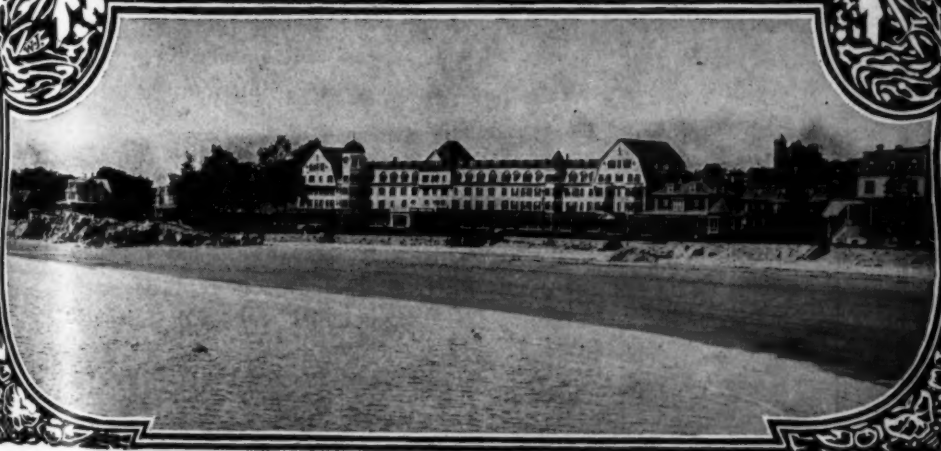
¶ No day seems long enough while there to fully appreciate the lavish hospitality, the health-giving charm, of the out-door life — tennis, driving, sailing, fishing, well-managed garage, spacious stable, picturesque shaded walks and the broad, smooth roads are acceded to be the finest in America for driving and automobiling.

¶ The appointments of the hotel are perfect — unequalled cuisine, electric lights, elevator, cool, broad verandas, beautiful ballroom, and an orchestra of highest standard. ¶ Until June first write for descriptive Booklet to

Ainslie & Grabow, Proprietors

270 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

¶ After June first, care of New Ocean House, Swampscott, Mass.



Walnuts and Wine

"GENTS," TAKE NOTICE

Willie: "Pa, what 's a gentleman?"

Pa: "Do you see me, Willie?"

Willie: "Yes, Pa."

Pa: "Well, I 'm a gentleman."

Willie: "Well, Pa, what 's a 'gent'?"

Pa: "Do you recollect the young man who came to see your sister last week, dressed in a silk hat, a sack coat, white tennis slippers, a celluloid collar, and a red neck-tie?"

Willie: "Yes, Pa."

Pa: "Well, Willie, that 's a gent."

Harry Van Demark

UP TO DATE

"Has your new apartment a sitting-room?"

"Nope; standing-room only."

C. A. Bolton

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

In Macon, Georgia, lives an old darky called "Uncle Billy," who is janitor at Mercer University. Whenever he is "broke," as 'is generally the case, he creeps up to a student and says:

"Honey, is yo' got a nickel?"

If the student replies negatively, Uncle Billy will sniff disdainfully and mutter, "Well, if you ain't got a nickel yo' sholy is a pore crittur."

Money obtained in this way goes into a jackpot, for, although Uncle Billy is a preacher, he is very fond of poker, and numerous little games are played on the campus back of the main building.

There was a Jew in the college named Steinau who had often "skinned" the old darky, and Uncle Billy was lusting after revenge. One day his chance came, for in the first deal he held four kings, and he determined to fleece the Jew in a way he would never forget. A grim smile wreathed his face as the Jew kept raising him. Finally he remarked:

"Look a' here, honey, you has raised me enough; I 's gwine to call yo'."

The Jew laid down four aces, and Uncle Billy's face changed to a study worthy of a Kemble's pencil. Never again did he play Steinau. When one of the students asked him why he replied:

"Honey, de mo' I thinks about it, de mo' I realizes de fack dat de Jews am de chosen people ob de Lord."

Edwin C. Ranck

Prince George Hotel

MAIN ENTRANCE, 14 EAST 28th STREET, NEW YORK CITY



LADIES' TEA-ROOM

This quiet and beautiful hotel for transient and permanent guests has been open for one year and has met with wonderful success. We have

532 ROOMS

in the house, each with bath and shower attached.

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MAINTENANCE COMES HIGH

Sharpe: "Why have you no music for your self-playing piano?"

Flat: "Can't afford it."

G. T. Evans

INHERITED INSTINCT

The small son of an electrician was spending his first summer in the country, at the home of his grandparents. One morning, while playing in the garden, he found a small yellow "bug," and as his grandfather had promised to take him fishing that afternoon, he decided to catch it to use as bait. A few seconds later a most astonishing commotion, considering the size of the cause thereof, arose in the garden, and grandmother hurried out from the house.

"Why, what is the matter, child?" she asked, taking the little fellow in her arms.

He raised a tear-stained face.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I was catching a pretty yellow bug, an' must have touched a live wire."

Emmett O. Hall

NO. 13

By Louise Ayres Garnett

Said 13, "I'm called a bad No.,
Which haunts both my waking and Slo.
My spirits are blue and at times, it is true,
My thoughts are as dark as raw O."

UNEXPECTED CONTENTS

There is a state Senator in one of our Western states whose burly appearance might possibly lead one to mistake him for a laboring man, but who is as sensitive as a woman to all unpleasant circumstances.

He happened one night to be standing on the sidewalk outside of an undertaking establishment, conversing with a friend on some important political matter. One of the employees of the shop approached them and said, "Say, will you give me a lift with a casket?" The Senator shuddered, and said hesitatingly, "Is there—is there—anything—in it?"

"Sure," came the hearty reply; "there's a couple of good drinks in it."

Geraldine Meyrick

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CHICLET PALMISTRY. Look at your hand! If you have a cross on the Mount of Jupiter (the cushion at the base of the first finger) you will have a happy marriage.

If your Life Line (the line forming a semicircle around the thumb) starts on the Mount of Jupiter it denotes you have great ambition which will be fully rewarded.

When the Heart Line (the line running across the palm along the base of the Mounts below the fingers) is well-defined with a triangle near the end of the Life Line, it shows brain power, kindness of heart, and tact.

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about newspapers in the American Newspaper Annual (published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia, \$5.00 net), the 1907 edition of which is just out. Catalogued in simple tabulated form are the facts one needs in dealing with newspapers, with particular attention to circulations, which are all given in plain figures.

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HAD HAD HER TURN

A good story is told regarding the childhood days of the wife of a Representative from the old Bay State. She was the petted only child until completing her third year, when a brother was born, much to her delight. The little girl was skipping gleefully about the pavement in front of her home when a friend of the family who had been lying in wait for her hailed her with the playful query:

"What have you got at your house this morning, I would like to know?"

"Oh, we've got a baby"—proudly.

"Ah, miss, but your nose is out of joint now!"—teasingly ending with the mischievous suggestion: "You are not the baby any more."

Up went the metaphorically unjointed little nose, and with all the dignity of the mission quite completed, that made her proof against so small a jealousy, the child answered:

"Well, I've been it."

Margaret Sullivan Burke

HE WAS AGREEABLE

In a frontier town in Wyoming a person of no great popularity died and was buried. The following day a business man, meeting a friend on the street, asked if he had attended the funeral.

"No, sir, by gad!" was the prompt reply, "but I approved of it."

Caroline Lockhart

A BEGGAR FROM BOSTON

By Clara Marshall

To tell of destitution sore,
I made my way to Dives' door;
The fair lass said, who met me there,
"I'll call the missus. Take a chair."

Then off she went beyond my wail:
I took a chair—'t was Chippendale—
But as I bore it swift away,
I soon became a blue-coat's prey.

And then I learned in prison-school
That New York speech defies all rule;
And in that culture-scorning town
"Please take a chair" means but "sit down."

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One of Philadelphia's prominent clergymen was recently reported in a newspaper office to be dying, and, as is the custom, a member of the staff whose worth depended, in large measure, upon his ability to get news, was assigned to the "death watch."

Every half-hour during the night the reporter would visit the clergyman's home to ascertain the latest guess of the family physician. It happened that the reporter had the acquaintance of the clergyman and of his wife, who happened to answer the door-bell upon the reporter's final visit for the night.

"Is there any hopes of him dyin' to-night?" the reporter asked her.

"Oh, no," replied the woman; "Dr. B—— is much improved, and his physician says he has a splendid chance to pull through."

"Ah!" interrupted the reporter with a sigh, "my good woman, you can't always depend upon what the doctors tell ye."

Louis Seaber

MRS. FLASH

By Harold Susman

The gay Mrs. Flash has
Remarried, you know;
She came to the city
Three husbands ago.

THE SAME KIND

"Good heavens, Mary!" exclaimed the pampered husband, "where did you get these cigars? They're horrible!"

"Why, my dear, I'm sure they're quite good," tearfully replied his wife. "I was very careful to call for the brand you always smoke. They're Colorado Maduro."

James True

DESIRABLE LOCATION

The House Hunter: "I like this house well enough, but I don't like the idea of its being right next door to a police station, with all those staring policemen."

The Agent: "Ah, sir, but that is really a great advantage. Think how easy it will be to keep a cook here."

G. T. Evans

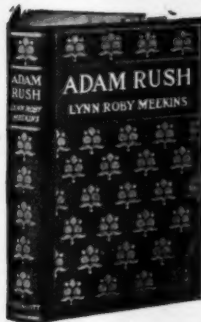
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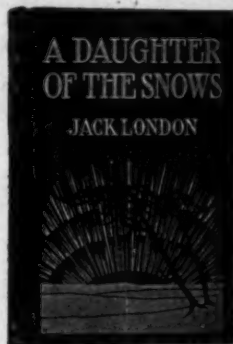
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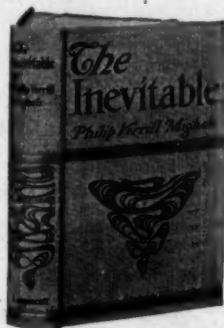
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PROVING A RUMOR

During the last Mardi Gras festivities at New Orleans, a couple, evidently from the provinces, wandered into one of the numerous little French restaurants. The lady scanned the menu.

"Here's entrée," she said. "What is it? Shall I order it?"

"Good heavens, no!" replied her companion. "I've always heard that the French eat it; but not for us. You'd better order ham and eggs. An entry's a race-horse."

J. T.

A BACHELOR'S CONFESSION.

By J. L. Armor

The first was blonde and very fair;
We roamed thro' dell and dingle,
Until at last she "turned me down;"
And that's why I stayed single.

The next was dark—as dark as night,
And life seemed one long jingle;
But, alas, she had "no use for me;"
And that's why I stayed single.

The third sued me, and not I her,
Her lawyer's name was Tingle;
But mine was 'way ahead of him;
And so I still stayed single.

I did not mind it then, but now
With my thoughts no hope does mingle;
Except to have on my headstone put:
"He's sorry he stayed single."

MERELY FOR ORNAMENT

A prominent government official entered the dining-room of a Western hotel and endeavored to attract attention to his wants by violently tapping the small hand-bell on the table before him. After some time had elapsed a young woman appeared.

"Was that you ringing?" she inquired brusquely.

"Yes," replied the official hopefully; "I——"

"Well," interrupted the fair one as she turned on her heel, "please don't do it again!"

Arthur W. Beer